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ABSALOM

AND

ACHITOPHEL.

A

POEM.

-------Si Propiùs ſtes
Te Capiet Magis-----

The Fifth Edition; Augmented and Reviſed.

LONDON,
Printed for *Jacob Tonſon* at the *Judge's-Head*
in *Chancery-lane* near *Fleet-ſtreet,*
M.DC.LXXXII.

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TO THE
READER.

'TIS not my intention to make an Apology for my *Poem*: Some will think it needs no Excuse; and others will receive none. The Design I am sure is honest: but he who draws his Pen for one Party, must expect to make Enemies of the other. For, *Wit* and *Fool*, are Consequents of *Whig* and *Tory*: And every man is a Knave or an Ass to the contrary side. There's a Treasury of Merits in the *Phanatick Church*, as well as in the *Papist*; and a Pennyworth to be had of Saintship, Honesty and Poetry, for the Leud, the Factious, and the Blockheads: But the longest Chapter in *Deuteronomy*, has not Curses enough for an Anti-*Bromingham*. My Comfort is, their manifest Prejudice to my Cause, will render their Judgement of less Authority against me. Yet if a *Poem* have a *Genius*, it will force its own reception in the World. For there's a sweetness in good Verse, which Tickles even while it Hurts: And no man can be heartily angry with him, who pleases him against his will. The Commendation of Adversaries is the greatest Triumph of a Writer; because it never comes unless Extorted. But I can be satisfied on more easie terms: If I happen to please the more Moderate sort, I shall be sure of an honest Party; and, in all probability, of the best Judges: for the least Concern'd, are commonly the least Corrupt. And, I confess, I have laid in for those, by rebating the *Satyr*, (where Justice woud allow it) from carrying too sharp an Edge. They who can Criticize so weakly, as to imagine I have done my Worst, may be convinc'd, at their own Cost, that I can write Severely, with more ease, than I can Gently. I have but laugh'd at some mens Follies, when I coud have declaim'd against their Vices: and, other mens Vertues I have commended, as freely as I have tax'd their Crimes. And now, if you are a Malicious *Reader*, I expect you should return upon me, that I affect to be thought more Impartial than I am. But, if men are not to be judg'd by their Professions, God forgive you *Common-wealths-men*, for professing so plausibly for the Government. You cannot be so Unconscionable, as to charge me for not Subscribing of my Name; for that woud reflect too grosly upon your own Party, who never dare; though they have the advantage of a Jury to secure them. If you like not my *Poem*, the fault may, possibly, be in my Writing: (though 'tis hard for an Author to judge against himself;) But more probably 'tis in your Morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The Violent, on both sides, will condemn the Character of *Absalom*, as either too favourably, or too hardly drawn. But they are not the Violent, whom I desire to please. The fault, on the right hand, is to Extenuate, Palliate and Indulge; and, to confess freely, I have endeavoured to commit it. Besides the respect which I owe his Birth, I have a greater for his Heroick Vertues: and, *David* himself, could not be more tender of the Young-mans Life, than I would be of his Reputation. But, since the most excellent natures are always the most easie; and, as being such, are the soonest perverted by ill Counsels, especially when baited with Fame and Glory; 'tis no more a wonder that he withstood not the temptations of *Achitophel*, than it was for *Adam*, not to have resisted the two Devils, the Serpent and the Woman. The conclusion of the Story, I purposely forbore to prosecute: because I could not obtain from my self, to shew *Absalom* Unfortunate. The Frame of it, was cut out, but for a Picture to the Waste; and, if the Draught be so far true, 'tis as much as I design'd.

Were I the Inventer, who am onely the Historian, I should certainly conclude the Piece, with the Reconcilement of *Absalom* to *David*. And, who knows but this may come to pass? Things were not brought to an Extremity where I left the Story: there seems, yet, to be room left for a Composure: hereafter, there may only be for Pity. I have not so much as an uncharitable wish against *Achitophel*; but, am content to be Accus'd of a good natur'd Errour; and to hope with *Origen*, that the Devil himself may, at last, be sav'd. For which reason, in this *Poem*, he is neither brought to set his House in order, nor to dispose of his Person afterwards, as he in Wisedom shall think fit. God is infinitely mercifull; and his Vicegerent is onely not so, because he is not Infinite.

The true end of *Satyr*, is the amendment of Vice by correction. And he who writes Honestly, is no more an Enemy to the Offender, than the Physician to the Patient when he prescribes harsh Remedies to an inveterate Disease: for those, are onely in order to prevent the Chyrurgeon's work of an *Ense rescindendum*, which I wish not to my very Enemies. To conclude all; if the Body Politique have any Analogy to the Natural in my weak judgement, an Act of *Oblivion* were as necessary in a Hot, Distemper'd State, as an *Opiate* would be in a Raging Fever.

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TO THE UNKNOWN
AUTHOR
Of this
Excellent Poem.

TAke it as Earneſt of a Faith renew'd,
Your Theam is vaſt, your Verſe divinely good:
Where, thô the Nine their beauteous ſtroaks repeat,
And the turn'd Lines on Golden Anvils beat,
It looks as if they ſtrook 'em at a heat.
So all Serenely Great, ſo Juſt, refin'd,
Like Angels love to humane Seed inclin'd,
It ſtarts a Giant, and exalts the Kind.
'Tis Spirit ſeen, whoſe fiery Atoms roul,
So brightly fierce, each Syllable's a Soul.
'Tis minuture of Man, but he's all heart;
'Tis what the World woud be, but wants the Art:
To whom ev'n the Phanaticks Altars raiſe,
Bow in their own deſpight, and grin your praiſe.
As if a Milton *from the dead aroſe,*
Fil'd off his Ruſt, and the right Party choſe.
Nor, Sir be ſhock'd at what the Gloomy ſay,
Turn not your feet too inward, nor too ſplay.
'Tis Gracious all, and Great: Puſh on your Theam,
Lean your griev'd head on David's *Diadem.*
David *that rebel* Iſraels *envy mov'd,*
David *by God and all Good Men belov'd.*

The beauties of your Abſalom *excel:*
But more the Charms of Charming Annabel;
Of Annabel, *than* May's *firſt Morn more bright,*
Chearfull as Summer's Noon, and Chaſt as Winter's Night.
Of Annabel *the Muſes deareſt Theam,*
Of Annabel *the Angel of my dream.*
Thus let a broken Eloquence attend,
And to your Maſter-piece theſe Shadows ſend.

TO

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TO THE UNKNOWN
AUTHOR
Of this
Admirable Poem.

I Thought, forgive my Sin, the boasted fire
Of Poets Souls did long ago expire;
Of Folly or of Madness did accuse
The Wretch that thought himself possest with Muse;
Laugh'd at the God within, that did inspire
With more than humane thoughts the tunefull Quire;
But sure 'tis more than Fansie, or the Dream
Of Rhimers slumbring by the Muses stream.
Some livelier Spark of Heav'n, and more refin'd
From Earthly dross, fills the great Poet's Mind.
Witness these mighty and immortal Lines,
Through each of which th' informing Genius *shines.*
Scarce a diviner Flame inspir'd the King,
Of whom thy Muse does so sublimely sing.
Not David's *self could in a Nobler Verse*
His gloriously offending Son rehearse,
Thô in his Breast the Prophet's Fury met
The Father's Fondness and the Poet's Wit.

Here all consent in Wonder and in Praise,
And to the Unknown Poet Altars raise.
Which thou must needs accept with equal joy,
As when Æneas *heard the Wars of* Troy,
Wrapt up himself in darkness and unseen,
Extoll'd with Wonder by the Tyrian *Queen.*
Sure thou already art secure of Fame,
Nor want'st new Glories to exalt thy Name:
What Father else wou'd have refus'd to own
So great a Son as God-like Absalon?

R. D.

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TO THE

CONCEAL'D AUTHOR

OF THIS

INCOMPARABLE POEM.

HAil Heav'n-born Muſe! hail ev'ry Sacred page!
The glory of our Life and of our Age!
Th' inſpiring Sun to Albion *draws more nigh,*
The North at length teems with a Work to vie
With Homer's *Flame and* Virgil's *Majeſty,*
While Pindus *lofty Heights our Poet ſought,*
(His raviſht Mind with vaſt Idea's *fraught)*
Our Language fail'd beneath his riſing Thought:
This checks not his Attempt, for Maro's *Mines,*
He dreins of all their Gold t'adorn his Lines;
Through each of which the Mantuan Genius *ſhines.*
The Rock obey'd the pow'rfull Hebrew Guide,
Her ſtinty Breaſt diſſolv'd into a Tide:
Thus on our ſtubborn Language he prevails,
And makes the Helicon *in which he ſails.*
The Dialect as well as Senſe invents,
And with his Poem, a new Speech preſents.
Hail then thou matchleſs Bard, thou great Unknown,
That give your Countrey Fame yet ſhun your own!
In vain——for ev'ry where your Praiſe you find,
And not to meet it, you muſt ſhun Mankind.
Your Loyal Theam each Loyal Reader draws,
And ev'n the Factious give your Verſe applauſe,
Whoſe Lightening ſtrikes to ground their Idol Cauſe.
The Cauſe for whoſe dear ſake they drank a Floud
Of Civil Gore, nor ſpar'd the Royal-bloud:
The Cauſe whoſe growth to cruſh, our Prelates wrote
In vain, almoſt in vain our Hero's *fought,*
Yet by one Stabb of your keen Satyr dies:
Before your Sacred Lines their Shatter'd Dagon *lies.*
Oh! If unworthy we appear to know
The Sire, to whom this Lovely Birth we owe:
(Deny'd our ready Homage to expreſs,
And can at beſt but thankfull be by gueſs:)
This hope remains,——May David's *God-like Mind,*
(For him 'twas wrote,) the Unknown Author find:
And, having found, ſhow'r equal Favours down
On Wit ſo vaſt as cou'd oblige a Crown.

N. T.

ABSA

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ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

A POEM.

IN pious Times, e'r Priest-Craft did begin,
Before *Polygamy* was made a Sin;
When Man, on many, multipli'd his kind,
E'r one to one was, cursedly, confin'd:
When Nature prompted, and no Law deni'd
Promiscuous Use of Concubine and Bride;
Then, *Israel*'s Monarch, after Heav'n's own heart,
His vigorous warmth did, variously, impart
To Wives and Slaves: And, wide as his Command,
Scatter'd his Maker's Image through the Land.
Michal, of Royal Blood, the Crown did wear;
A Soil ungrateful to the Tiller's care:
Not so the rest; for several Mothers bore
To God-like *David*, several Sons before.
But, since like Slaves his Bed they did ascend,
No true Succession could their Seed attend.

Of

Of all this Numerous Progeny was none
So Beautifull, so Brave as *Absalon*:
Whether, inspir'd by some diviner Lust,
His Father got him with a greater Gust;
Or that his Conscious Destiny made way,
By manly Beauty to Imperial Sway.
Early in Foreign Fields he won Renown,
With Kings and States alli'd to *Israel*'s Crown:
In Peace the thoughts of War he cou'd remove,
And seem'd as he were only born for Love.
What e'er he did, was done with so much ease,
In him alone, 'twas Natural to please:
His motions all accompani'd with grace;
And *Paradise* was open'd in his face.
With secret Joy, indulgent *David* view'd
His Youthfull Image in his Son renew'd:
To all his wishes Nothing he deni'd;
And made the Charming *Annabel* his Bride.
What faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
His Father cou'd not, or he wou'd not see.
Some warm excesses, which the Law forbore,
Were constru'd Youth that purg'd by boiling o'er:
And *Amnon*'s Murther, by a specious Name,
Was call'd a just Revenge for injur'd Fame.
Thus Prais'd, and Lov'd, the Noble Youth remain'd,
While *David*, Undisturb'd in *Sion* reign'd.
But Life can never be sincerely blest:
Heav'n punishes the bad, and proves the best.
The *Jews*, a Head-strong, Moody, Murm'ring race,
As ever tri'd th' extent and stretch of Grace;
God's pamper'd People whom, debauch'd with ease,
No King cou'd govern, nor no God cou'd please;
(Gods they had tri'd of every shape and size,
That God-smiths cou'd produce, or Preists devise:)
These *Adam*-wits, too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted Liberty;

And

And when no rule, no president was found
Of men, by laws less circumscrib'd and bound;
They led their wild desires to Woods and Caves,
And thought that all but Savages were Slaves.
They who, when *Saul* was dead, without a blow,
Made foolish *Ishbosheth* the Crown forego;
Who banisht *David* did from *Hebron* bring,
And, with a General shout, proclaim'd him King:
Those very *Jews*, who, at their very best,
Their humour more than Loyalty express't,
Now, wondred why, so long, they had obey'd
An Idol-Monarch which their hands had made:
Thought they might ruine him they cou'd create;
Or melt him to that Golden Calf, a State.
But these were random Bolts: No form'd Design,
Nor interest made the Factious Croud to joyn:
The sober part of *Israel*, free from stain,
Well knew the value of a peacefull Reign:
And, looking backward with a wise affright,
Saw Seams of wounds, dishonest, to the sight:
In contemplation of whose ugly Scars,
They curst the memory of Civil Wars.
The moderate sort of Men thus qualifi'd,
Inclin'd the Balance to the better side:
And, *David*'s mildness manag'd it so well,
The bad found no occasion to Rebel.
But, when to Sin our byast Nature leans,
The carefull Devil is still at hand with means;
And providently Pimps for ill desires:
The Good Old Cause reviv'd, a Plot requires.
Plots, true or false, are necessary things,
To raise up Common-wealths, and ruine Kings.

Th' Inhabitants of old *Jerusalem*
Were *Jebusites*: the Town so call'd from them;
And theirs the Native right——

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But when the chosen People grew more strong,
The rightfull cause at length became the wrong:
And every loss the men of *Jebus* bore,
They still were thought God's enemies the more.
Thus, worn and weaken'd, well or ill content,
Submit they must to *David*'s Government:
Impoverish't and depriv'd of all Command,
Their Taxes doubled as they lost their Land;
And, what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
Their Gods disgrac'd, and burnt like common Wood.
This set the Heathen Priesthood in a flame;
For Priests of all Religions are the same:
Of whatsoe'er descent their Godhead be,
Stock, Stone, or other homely Pedigree,
In his Defence his Servants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten Gold.
The *Jewish Rabbins*, though their Enemies,
In this conclude them honest men and wise:
For 'twas their Duty, all the Learned think,
T' espouse his Cause by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that Plot, the Nations Curse,
Bad in it self, but represented worse.
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decri'd;
With Oaths affirm'd, with dying Vows deni'd.
Not weigh'd, or winnow'd by the Multitude;
But swallow'd in the Mass, unchew'd and crude.
Some Truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with Lies;
To please the Fools and puzzle all the Wise.
Succeeding Times did equal Folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.
Th' *Egyptian* Rites the *Jebusites* embrac'd;
Where Gods were recommended by their taste.
Such sav'ry Deities must needs be good,
As serv'd at once for Worship and for Food.
By force they could not Introduce these Gods;
For Ten to One, in former dayes, was odds.

So

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So Fraud was us'd, (the Sacrificers Trade,)
Fools are more hard to Conquer than Perſwade.
Their buſie Teachers mingled with the *Jews*;
And rak'd for Converts, even the Court and Stews:
Which *Hebrew Prieſts* the more unkindly took,
Becauſe the Fleece accompanies the Flock.
Some thought they God's Anointed meant to ſlay
By Guns, invented ſince full many a day:
Our Author ſwears it not; but who can know
How far the Devil and *Jebuſites* may go?
This *Plot*, which fail'd for want of common Senſe,
Had yet a deep and dangerous Conſequence:
For, as when raging Fevers boil the Blood,
The ſtanding Lake ſoon floats into a Floud;
And every hoſtile Humour, which before
Slept quiet in its Chanels, bubbles o'er:
So, ſeveral Factions from this firſt Ferment,
Work up to Foam, and threat the Government.
Some by their Friends, more by themſelves thought wiſe,
Oppos'd the Power, to which they could not riſe.
Some had in Courts been Great, and thrown from thence,
Like Fiends, were harden'd in Impenitence.
Some, by their Monarch's fatal mercy grown,
From Pardon'd Rebels, Kinſmen to the Throne;
Were raiſ'd in Pow'r and publick Office high:
Strong Bands, if Bands ungratefull men cou'd tie.
Of theſe the falſe *Achitophel* was firſt,
A Name to all ſucceeding Ages curſt.
For cloſe Deſigns, and crooked Counſels fit;
Sagacious, Bold, and Turbulent of wit:
Reſtleſs, unfixt in Principles and Place;
In Power unpleas'd, impatient of Diſgrace.
A fiery Soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the Pigmy-Body to decay:
And o'er inform'd the Tenement of Clay.

A daring

A daring Pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the Danger, when the Waves went high
He fought the Storms; but for a Calm unfit,
Would Steer too nigh the Sands, to boaſt his Wit.
Great Wits are ſure to Madneſs near alli'd;
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide:
Elſe, why ſhould he, with Wealth and Honour bleſt,
Refuſe his Age the needfull hours of Reſt?
Puniſh a Body which he cou'd not pleaſe;
Bankrupt of Life, yet Prodigal of Eaſe?
And all to leave, what with his Toil he won,
To that unfeather'd, two legg'd thing, a Son:
Got, while his Soul did huddl'd Notions try;
And born a ſhapeleſs Lump, like Anarchy.
In Frendſhip falſe, implacable in Hate:
Reſolv'd to Ruine or to Rule the State.
To Compaſs this, the Triple Bond he broke;
The Pillars of the Publick Safety ſhook:
And fitted *Iſrael* for a Foreign Yoke.
Then, ſeiz'd with Fear, yet ſtill affecting Fame,
Uſurp'd a Patriot's All-attoning Name.
So eaſie ſtill it proves in Factious Times,
With publick Zeal to cancel private Crimes:
How ſafe is Treaſon, and how ſacred ill,
Where none can ſin againſt the Peoples Will?
Where Crouds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own.
Yet, Fame deſerv'd, no Enemy can grudge;
The Stateſman we abhor, but praiſe the Judge.
In *Iſraels* Courts ne'er ſat an *Abbethdin*
With more diſcerning Eyes, or Hands more clean:
Unbrib'd, unſought, the Wretched to redreſs;
Swift of Diſpatch, and eaſie of Acceſs.
Oh, had he been content to ſerve the Crown,
With Vertues only proper to the Gown;

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Or, had the rankneſs of the Soil been freed
From Cockle, that oppreſt the Noble Seed:
David, for him his tunefull Harp had ſtrung,
And Heav'n had wanted one Immortal Song.
But wild Ambition loves to ſlide, not ſtand;
And Fortunes Ice prefers to Vertues Land:
Achitophel, grown weary to poſſeſs
A lawfull Fame and lazy Happineſs,
Diſdain'd the Golden Fruit to gather free,
And lent the Croud his Arm to ſhake the Tree.
Now, manifeſt of Crimes, contriv'd long ſince,
He ſtood at bold Defiance with his Prince:
Held up the Buckler of the Peoples Cauſe,
Againſt the Crown, and ſculk'd behind the Laws.
The wiſh'd occaſion of the Plot he takes;
Some Circumſtances finds, but more he makes.
By buzzing Emiſſaries, fills the ears
Of liſtening Crouds, with Jealouſies and Fears
Of Arbitrary Counſels brought to light,
And proves the King himſelf a *Jebuſite*.
Weak Arguments! which yet he knew full well,
Were ſtrong with People eaſie to Rebel.
For, govern'd by the *Moon*, the giddy *Jews*
Tread the ſame Track when ſhe the Prime renews:
And once in twenty Years, their Scribes Record,
By natural Inſtinct they change their Lord.
Achitophel ſtill wants a Chief, and none
Was found ſo fit as War-like *Abſalon*:
Not, that he wiſh'd his Greatneſs to create,
(For Polititians neither love nor hate:)
But, for he knew, his Title not allow'd,
Wou'd keep him ſtill depending on the Croud:
That Kingly pow'r, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the Dregs of a Democracie.
Him he attempts, with ſtudied Arts to pleaſe,
And ſheds his Venome, in ſuch words as theſe.

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Auſpicious Prince! at whoſe Nativity
Some Royal Planet rul'd the Southern Sky;
Thy longing Countries Darling and Deſire;
Their cloudy Pillar, and their guardian Fire:
Their ſecond *Moſes*, whoſe extended Wand
Divides the Seas, and ſhews the promis'd Land:
Whoſe dawning day, in every diſtant Age,
Has exercis'd the Sacred Prophets rage:
The Peoples Pray'r, the glad Diviner's Theam,
The Young mens Viſion, and the Old mens Dream!
Thee, *Saviour*, Thee, the Nations Vows confeſs;
And, never ſatisfi'd with ſeeing, bleſs:
Swift, unbeſpoken Pomps, thy ſteps proclaim,
And ſtammering Babes are taught to liſp thy Name.
How long wilt thou the general Joy detain;
Starve, and defraud the People of thy Reign?
Content ingloriouſly to paſs thy days,
Like one of Vertues Fools that Feeds on Praiſe;
Till thy freſh Glories, which now ſhine ſo bright,
Grow Stale and Tarniſh with our dayly ſight.
Believe me, Royal Youth, thy Fruit muſt be,
Or gather'd Ripe, or rot upon the Tree.
Heav'n, has to all allotted, ſoon or late,
Some lucky Revolution of their Fate:
Whoſe Motions, if we watch and guide with Skill,
(For humane Good depends on humane Will,)
Our Fortune rolls as from a ſmooth Deſcent,
And, from the firſt Impreſſion, takes the Bent:

But, if unſeiz'd, ſhe glides away like wind;
And leaves repenting Folly far behind.
Now, now ſhe meets you with a glorious prize,
And ſpreads her Locks before her as ſhe flies.
Had thus Old *David*, from whoſe Loins you ſpring,
Not dar'd, when Fortune call'd him, to be King,

At

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At *Gath* an Exile he might ſtill remain;
And Heav'ns Anointing Oyl had been in vain.
Let his ſucceſsfull Youth your hopes engage;
But ſhun th' example of Declining Age:
Behold him ſetting in his Weſtern Skies,
The ſhadows lengthning as the Vapours riſe.
He is not now, as when on *Jordan's* Sand
The joyfull People throng'd to ſee him Land,
Cov'ring the *Beech*, and blackning all the *Strand*:
But, like the Prince of Angels from his height,
Comes tumbling downward with diminiſh'd light:
Betray'd by one poor Plot to publick Scorn:
(Our only bleſſing ſince his curſt Return:)
Thoſe heaps of People which one Sheaf did bind,
Blown off, and ſcatter'd by a puff of Wind.
What ſtrength can he to your Deſigns oppoſe,
Naked of Friends, and round beſet with Foes?
If *Pharaoh's* doubtfull Succour he ſhould uſe,
A Foreign Aid wou'd more incenſe the *Jews*:
Proud *Egypt* wou'd diſſembled Friendſhip bring;
Foment the War, but not ſupport the King:
Nor wou'd the Royal Party e'er unite
With *Pharaoh's* Arms, t' aſſiſt the *Jebuſite*;
Or if they ſhou'd, their Intereſt ſoon wou'd break,
And, with ſuch odious Aid, make *David* weak.
All ſorts of men, by my ſucceſsfull Arts,
Abhorring Kings, eſtrange their alter'd Hearts
From *David's* Rule: And 'tis the general Cry,
Religion, Common-wealth, and Liberty.
If you, as Champion of the Publick Good,
Add to their Arms a Chief of Royal Blood;
What may not *Iſrael* hope, and what Applauſe
Might ſuch a General gain by ſuch a Cauſe?
Not barren Praiſe alone, that Gaudy Flow'r,
Fair only to the ſight, but ſolid Pow'r:

And

And Nobler is a limited Command,
Giv'n by the Love of all your Native Land,
Than a Succeſſive Title, Long and Dark,
Drawn from the Mouldy Rolls of *Noah*'s Ark.

What cannot Praiſe effect in Mighty Minds,
When Flattery Sooths, and when Ambition Blinds!
Deſire of Pow'r, on Earth a Vitious Weed,
Yet, ſprung from High, is of Celeſtial Seed:
In God 'tis Glory: And when Men Aſpire,
'Tis but a Spark too much of Heavenly Fire.
Th' Ambitious Youth, too Covetous of Fame,
Too full of Angels Metal in his Frame;
Unwarily was led from Vertues ways;
Made drunk with Honour, and debauch'd with Praiſe.
Half loath, and half conſenting to the Ill,
(For Royal Bloud within him ſtruggled ſtill)
He thus Repli'd——And what Pretence have I
To take up Arms for Publick Liberty?
My Father Governs with unqueſtion'd Right:
The Faiths Defender, and Mankinds Delight:
Good, Gracious, Juſt, Obſervant of the Laws;
And Heav'n by Wonder has eſpous'd his Cauſe.
Whom has he Wrong'd in all his Peacefull Reign?
Who ſues for Juſtice to his Throne in Vain?
What Millions has he Pardon'd of his Foes,
Whom Juſt Revenge did to his Wrath expoſe?
Mild, Eaſie, Humble, Studious of our Good;
Enclin'd to Mercy, and averſe from Bloud.
If Mildneſs Ill with Stubborn *Iſrael* Suit,
His Crime is God's beloved Attribute.
What coud he gain, his People to Betray,
Or change his Right, for Arbitrary Sway?
Let Haughty *Pharaoh* Curſe with ſuch a Reign,
His Fruitfull *Nile*, and Yoak a Servile Train.

If

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If *David's* Rule *Jeruſalem* Diſpleaſe,
The *Dog-ſtar* heats their Brains to this Diſeaſe.
Why then ſhould I, Encouraging the Bad,
Turn Rebel, and run Popularly Mad?
Were he a Tyrant who, by Lawleſs Might,
Oppreſt the *Jews*, and rais'd the *Jebuſite*,
Well might I Mourn; but Natures holy Bands
Woud Curb my Spirits, and reſtrain my Hands:
The People might aſſert their Liberty;
But what was Right in them, were Crime in me.
His Favour leaves me nothing to require;
Prevents my Wiſhes, and out-runs Deſire;
What more can I expect while *David* lives?
All but his Kingly Diadem he gives:
And that: But there he paus'd; then Sighing ſaid,
Is Juſtly deſtin'd for a Worthier Head.
For when my Father from his Toyls ſhall Reſt,
And late Augment the Number of the Bleſt:
His Lawfull Iſſue ſhall the Throne aſcend;
Or the *Collai'ral* Line where that ſhall end.
His Brother, though Oppreſt with Vulgar Spight,
Yet Dauntleſs and Secure of Native Right,
Of every Royal Vertue ſtands poſſeſt;
Still dear to all the Braveſt, and the Beſt.
His Courage Foes, his Friends his Truth Proclaim;
His Loyalty the King, the World his Fame.
His Mercy e'en th' Offending Croud will find:
For ſure he comes of a Forgiving Kind.
Why ſhould I then Repine at Heavens Decree;
Which gives me no Pretence to Royalty?
Yet oh that Fate, Propitiouſly Inclin'd,
Had rais'd my Birth, or had debas'd my Mind;
To my large Soul, not all her Treaſure lent,
And then betrai'd it to a mean Deſcent.
I find, I find my mounting Spirits Bold,
And *David's* Part diſdains my Mothers Mold.

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Why am I ſcanted by a Niggard Birth?
My Soul diſclaims the Kindred of her Earth:
And, made for Empire, Whiſpers me within;
Deſire of Greatneſs is a God-like Sin.

Him Staggering ſo when Hells dire Agent found,
While fainting Vertue ſcarce maintain'd her Ground,
He pours freſh Forces in, and thus Replies:
Th' Eternal God, Supremely Good and Wiſe,
Imparts not theſe Prodigious Gifts in vain;
What Wonders are Reſerv'd to bleſs your Reign?
Againſt your will your Arguments have ſhown,
Such Vertue's onely given to guide a Throne.
Not that your Father's Mildneſs I contemn;
But manly force becomes the Diadem.
'Tis true he grants the People all they crave;
And more perhaps than Subjects ought to have:
For Laviſh Grants ſuppoſe a Monarch tame,
And more his Goodneſs than his Wit proclaim.
But when ſhould People ſtrive their Bonds to break,
If not when Kings are Negligent or Weak?
Let him give on till he can give no more,
The thrifty *Sanhedrin* ſhall keep him poor:
And every Sheckle which he can receive,
Shall coſt a Limb of his Prerogative.
To ply him with new Plots, ſhall be my care,
Or plunge him deep in ſome expenſive War;
Which when his Treaſure can no more ſupply,
He muſt, with the Remains of Kingſhip, buy
His faithfull Friends, our Jealouſies and Fears
Call *Jebuſites*, and *Pharaoh*'s Penſioners:
Whom, when our Fury from his Aid has torn,
He ſhall be naked left to publick Scorn.
The next Succeſſor, whom I fear and hate,
My Arts have made obnoxious to the State;

Turn'd

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Turn'd all his Vertues to his Overthrow,
And gain'd our Elders to pronounce a Foe.
His Right, for Sums of neceſſary Gold,
Shall firſt be Pawn'd, and afterwards be Sold:
Till time ſhall Ever-wanting *David* draw,
To paſs your doubtfull Title into Law:
If not; the People have a Right Supreme
To make their Kings; for Kings are made for them.
All Empire is no more than Pow'r in Truſt,
Which when reſum'd, can be no longer Juſt.
Succeſſion, for the general Good deſign'd,
In its own wrong a Nation cannot bind:
If altering that, the People can relieve,
Better one ſuffer, than a Nation grieve.
The *Jews* well know their Pow'r: e'er *Saul* they choſe,
God was their King, and God they durſt Depoſe.
Urge now your Piety, your Filial Name,
A Father's Right, and Fear of future Fame;
The Publick Good, that Univerſal Call,
To which even Heav'n ſubmitted, anſwers all.
Nor let his Love Enchant your generous Mind;
'Tis Natures trick to propagate her Kind.
Our fond Begetters, who would never die,
Love but themſelves in their Poſterity.
Or let his Kindneſs by th' Effects be tri'd,
Or let him lay his vain Pretence aſide.
God ſaid he lov'd your Father; could he bring
A better Proof, than to Anoint him King?
It ſurely ſhew'd he lov'd the Shepherd well,
Who gave ſo fair a Flock as *Iſrael*.
Woud *David* have you thought his Darling Son?
What means he then, to Alienate the Crown?
The name of Godly he may bluſh to bear:
'Tis after God's own heart to Cheat his Heir.
He to his Brother gives Supreme Command;
To you a Legacy of Barren Land:

Perhaps

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Perhaps th' old Harp on which he thrums his Lays:
Or ſome dull *Hebrew* Ballad in your Praiſe.
Then the next Heir, a Prince, Severe and Wiſe,
Already looks on you with Jealous Eyes;
Sees through the thin Diſguiſes of your Arts,
And markes your Progreſs in the Peoples Hearts.
Though now his mighty Soul its Greif contains;
He meditates Revenge who leaſt complains.
And like a Lion, Slumbering in the way,
Or Sleep diſſembling, while he waits his prey,
His fearleſs Foes within his Diſtance draws;
Conſtrains his Roaring, and Contracts his Paws:
Till at the laſt, his time for Fury found,
He ſhoots with ſudden Vengeance from the Ground:
The Proſtrate Vulgar, paſſes o'er, and Spares;
But with a Lordly Rage, his Hunters tears.
Your Caſe no tame Expedients will afford:
Reſolve on Death, or Conqueſt by the Sword,
Which for no leſs a Stake than Life, you Draw;
And Self-defence is Natures Eldeſt Law.
Leave the warm People no Conſidering time:
For then Rebellion may be thought a Crime.
Prevail your ſelf of what Occaſion gives,
But trie your Title while your Father lives:
And, that your Arms may have a fair Pretence,
Proclaim, you take them in the King's Defence
Whoſe Sacred Life each minute would Expoſe,
To Plots, from ſeeming Friends, and ſecret Foes.
And who can ſound the depth of *David*'s Soul?
Perhaps his fear, his kindneſs may Controul.
He fears his Brother, though he loves his Son,
For plighted Vows too late to be undone.
If ſo, by Force he wiſhes to be gain'd:
Like Womens Leachery, to ſeem Conſtrain'd:
Doubt not: but when he moſt affects the Frown.
Commit a pleaſing Rape upon the Crown.

Secure

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Secure his Perſon to ſecure your Cauſe;
They who poſſeſs the Prince, poſſeſs the Laws.

He ſaid, And this Advice above the reſt,
With *Abſalom*'s Mild Nature ſuited beſt;
Unblam'd of Life, (Ambition ſet aſide,)
Not ſtain'd with Cruelty, nor puft with Pride.
How happy had he been, if Deſtiny
Had higher plac'd his Birth, or not ſo high!
His Kingly Vertues might have claim'd a Throne;
And bleſt all other Countries but his own.
But charming Greatneſs, ſince ſo few refuſe;
'Tis Juſter to Lament him, than Accuſe.
Strong were his hopes a Rival to remove,
With Blandiſhments to gain the publick Love;
To head the Faction while their Zeal was hot,
And Popularly proſecute the Plot.
To further this, *Achitophel* Unites
The Malecontents of all the *Iſraelites*:
Whoſe differing Parties he could wiſely Joyn,
For ſeveral Ends to ſerve the ſame Deſign.
The Beſt, and of the Princes ſome were ſuch,
Who thought the Pow'r of Monarchy too much:
Miſtaken men, and Patriots in their Hearts;
Not Wicked, but ſeduc'd by Impious Arts.
By theſe the Springs of Property were bent,
And wound ſo high they Crack'd the Government.
The next for intereſt ſought t' embroil the State,
To ſell their Duty at a dearer rate;
And make their *Jewiſh* Markets of the Throne;
Pretending Publick Good, to ſerve their own.
Others thought Kings an uſeleſs heavy Load,
Who Coſt too much, and did too little Good.
Theſe were for laying honeſt *David* by,
On Principles of pure good Husbandry.

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With them joyn'd all th' Haranguers of the Throng,
That thought to get Preferment by the Tongue.
Who follow next, a double danger bring;
Not only hating *David*, but the King;
The *Solymæan* Rout; well Vers'd of old,
In Godly Faction, and in Treason bold;
Cowring and Quaking at a Conqu'ror's Sword,
But Lofty to a Lawfull Prince Restor'd;
Saw with Disdain an *Ethnick* Plot begun,
And Scorn'd by *Jebusites* to be Out-done.
Hot *Levites* Headed these; who pull'd before
From th' *Ark*, which in the Judges days they bore,
Resum'd their Cant, and with a Zealous Crie,
Persu'd their old belov'd Theocracie.
Where *Sanhedrin* and Priest enslav'd the Nation,
And justifi'd their Spoils by Inspiration:
For who so fit for Reign as *Aaron*'s Race,
If once Dominion they could found in Grace?
These led the Pack; though not of surest scent,
Yet deepest mouth'd against the Government.
A numerous Host of dreaming Saints succeed;
Of the true old Enthusiastick Breed:
'Gainst Form and Order they their Pow'r employ;
Nothing to Build, and all things to Destroy.
But far more numerous was the Herd of such,
Who think too little, and who talk too much.
These, out of mere instinct, they knew not why,
Ador'd their Father's God, and Property:
And, by the same blind Benefit of Fate,
The Devil and the *Jebusite* did hate:
Born to be sav'd, even in their own despight;
Because they could not help believing right.
Such were the Tools; but a whole Hydra more
Remains, of sprouting heads too long to score.
Some of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land:
In the first Rank of these did *Zimri* stand:

A man

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A man ſo various, that he ſeem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankinds Epitome.
Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong;
Was Every thing by ſtarts, and Nothing long;
But, in the courſe of one revolving Moon,
Was Chymiſt, Fidler, States-Man, and Buffoon:
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking;
Beſides ten thouſand Freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Bleſt Madman, who coud every hour employ,
With ſomething New to wiſh, or to enjoy!
Railing and praiſing were his uſual theams;
And both (to ſhew his Judgement) in Extremes:
So over-Violent, or over-Civil,
That every Man, with him, was God or Devil.
In ſquandring Wealth was his peculiar Art:
Nothing went unrewarded, but Deſert.
Begger'd by Fools, whom ſtill he found too late:
He had his Jeſt, and they had his Eſtate.
He laugh'd himſelf from Court; then ſought Relief
By forming Parties, but could ne'er be Chief:
For, ſpight of him, the weight of Buſineſs fell
On *Abſalom* and wiſe *Achitophel*:
Thus, Wicked but in Will, of Means bereft,
He left not Faction, but of that was left.

Titles and Names 'twere tedious to rehearſe
Of Lords, below the dignity of Verſe.
Wits, Warriers, Commonwealths-men, were the beſt:
Kind Husbands and mere Nobles all the reſt.
And, therefore in the name of Dulneſs, be
The well-hung *Balaam* and cold *Caleb* free.
And Canting *Nadab* let Oblivion damn,
Who made new Porridge for the Paſchal Lamb.
Let Friendſhips holy Band ſome Names aſſure:
Some their own Worth, and ſome let Scorn ſecure.

Nor

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Nor ſhall the Raſcal Rabble here have Place,
Whom Kings no Titles gave, and God no Grace:
Not Bull-fac'd *Jonas*, who coud Statutes draw
To mean Rebellion, and make Treaſon Law.
But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worſe,
The Wretch, who Heav'ns Anointed dar'd to Curſe.
Shimei, whoſe Youth did early Promiſe bring
Of Zeal to God, and Hatred to his King;
Did wiſely from Expenſive Sins refrain,
And never broke the Sabbath, but for Gain:
Nor ever was he known an Oath to vent,
Or Curſe, unleſs againſt the Government.
Thus, heaping Wealth, by the moſt ready way
Among the *Jews*, which was to Cheat and Pray;
The City, to reward his pious Hate
Againſt his Maſter, choſe him Magiſtrate:
His Hand a Vare of Juſtice did uphold;
His Neck was loaded with a Chain of Gold.
During his Office, Treaſon was no Crime.
The Sons of *Belial* had a Glorious Time:
For *Shimei*, though not prodigal of pelf,
Yet lov'd his wicked Neighbour as himſelf:
When two or three were gather'd to declaim
Againſt the Monarch of *Jeruſalem*,
Shimei was always in the midſt of them.
And, if they Curſt the King when he was by,
Would rather Curſe, than break good Company.
If any durſt his Factious Friends accuſe,
He pact a Jury of diſſenting *Jews*:
Whoſe fellow-feeling in the godly Cauſe,
Woud free the ſuff'ring Saint from Humane Laws.
For Laws were onely made to puniſh thoſe
Who ſerve the King, and to protect his Foes.
If any leiſure time he had from Pow'r,
(Becauſe 'tis Sin to miſ-employ an hour;)

His

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His Bus'neſs was, by Writing, to perſwade,
That Kings were Uſeleſs, and a Clog to Trade:
And, that his noble Style he might refine,
No *Rechabite* more ſhun'd the Fumes of Wine.
Chaſte were his Cellars; and his Shrieval Board
The Groſsneſs of a City Feaſt abhor'd:
His Cooks, with long diſuſe, their Trade forgot;
Cool was his Kitchin, though his Brains were hot.
Such frugal Vertue Malice may accuſe;
But ſure 'twas neceſſary to the *Jews*:
For Towns once burnt, ſuch Magiſtrates require
As dare not tempt God's Providence by Fire.
With Spiritual Food he fed his Servants well,
But free from Fleſh, that made the *Jews* rebel:
And *Moſes*'s Laws he held in more account,
For Forty days of faſting in the Mount.
To ſpeak the reſt, who better are forgot,
Would tire a well breath'd Witneſs of the Plot:
Yet, *Corah*, thou ſhalt from Oblivion paſs;
Erect thy ſelf thou Monumental Braſs:
High as the Serpent of thy Metal made,
While Nations ſtand ſecure beneath thy ſhade.
What though his birth were baſe, yet Comets riſe
From Earthy Vapours e'er they ſhine in Skies.
Prodigious Actions may as well be done
By Weaver's Iſſue, as by Prince's Son.
This Arch-Atteſtor for the Publick Good,
By that one Deed Enobles all his Blood.
Who ever ask'd the Witneſſes high Race,
Whoſe Oath with Martyrdom did *Stephen* grace?
Ours was a *Levite*, and as times went then,
His Tribe were God-Almightie's Gentlemen.
Sunk were his Eyes, his Voice was harſh and loud,
Sure ſigns he neither Cholerick was, nor Proud:
His long Chin prov'd his Wit; his Saint-like Grace
A Church Vermillion and a *Moſes*'s Face.

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His Memory miraculously great,
Coud Plots, exceeding mans belief, repeat;
Which therefore cannot be accounted Lies,
For humane Wit coud never such devise.
Some future Truths are mingled in his Book;
But, where the Witness fail'd, the Prophet spoke:
Some things like Visionary flights appear;
The spirit caught him up, the Lord knows where:
And gave him his *Rabinical* Degree,
Unknown to Foreign University.
His Judgement yet his Mem'ry did excel;
Which piec'd his wondrous Evidence so well:
And suited to the temper of the Times;
Then groaning under *Jebusitick* Crimes.
Let *Israels* Foes suspect his Heav'nly call,
And rashly judge his Writ Apocryphal:
Our Laws for such affronts have Forfeits made:
He takes his Life, who takes away his Trade.
Were I my self in Witness *Corah's* place,
The Wretch who did me such a dire disgrace,
Shoud whet my memory, though once forgot,
To make him an Appendix of my Plot.
His Zeal to Heav'n, made him his Prince despise,
And load his Person with Indignities:
But Zeal peculiar privilege affords;
Indulging latitude to Deeds and Words.
And *Corah* might for *Agag's* Murther call:
In terms as course as *Samuel* us'd to *Saul.*
What others in his Evidence did joyn,
(The best that coud be had for love or coin,)
In *Corah's* own predicament will fall:
For *Witness* is a Common Name to all.

Surrounded thus with Friends of every sort,
Deluded *Absalom*, forsakes the Court:

Impatient

Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with Renown,
And Fir'd with near poſſeſſion of a Crown:
Th' admiring Croud are dazled with ſurprize,
And on his goodly Perſon feed their Eyes:
His joy conceal'd, he ſets himſelf to ſhow;
On each ſide bowing popularly low:
His looks, his geſtures, and his words he frames,
And with familiar eaſe repeats their Names.
Thus form'd by Nature, furniſh'd out with Arts,
He glides unfelt into their ſecret hearts;
Then, with a kind compaſſionating look,
And ſighs, beſpeaking pity e'er he ſpoke:
Few words he ſaid; but eaſie thoſe and fit:
More ſlow than Hybla drops, and far more ſweet.

I mourn, my Country-men, your loſt Eſtate;
Though far unable to prevent your Fate:
Behold a baniſh'd man, for your dear Cauſe,
Expos'd a Prey to Arbitrary Laws!
Yet oh! that I alone coud be undone,
Cut off from Empire, and no more a Son!
Now all your Liberties a Spoil are made;
Egypt and *Tyrus* intercept your Trade,
And *Jebuſites* your Sacred Rites invade.
My Father, whom with Reverence yet I name,
Charm'd into eaſe, is careleſs of his Fame:
And brib'd with petty ſums of Foreign Gold,
Is grown in *Bathſheba*'s Embraces old:
Exalts his Enemies, his Friends deſtroys:
And all his pow'r againſt himſelf employs.
He gives, and let him give my Right away:
But why ſhou'd he his own, and yours betray?
He onely, he can make the Nation bleed,
And he alone from my revenge is freed.
Take then my Tears (with that he wip'd his Eyes)
'Tis all the Aid my preſent pow'r ſupplies:

No

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No Court-Informer can theſe Arms accuſe;
Theſe Arms may Sons againſt their Fathers uſe;
And, 'tis my wiſh the next Succeſſor's Reign
May make no other *Iſraelite* complain.

Youth, Beauty, Gracefull Action, ſeldom fail:
But Common Intereſt always will prevail:
And Pity never ceaſes to be ſhown,
To him, who makes the Peoples wrongs his own.
The Croud, (that ſtill believe their Kings oppreſs,)
With lifted hands their Young *Meſſiah* bleſs:
Who now begins his Progreſs to ordain;
With Chariots, Horſemen, and a num'rous train:
From Eaſt to Weſt his Glories he diſplays:
And, like the Sun, the promis'd Land ſurveys.
Fame runs before him, as the Morning-Star;
And ſhouts of Joy ſalute him from afar:
Each houſe receives him as a Guardian God;
And conſecrates the Place of his abode:
But hoſpitable Treats did moſt commend
Wiſe *Iſſachar*, his wealthy Weſtern Friend.
This moving Court, that caught the Peoples Eyes,
And ſeem'd but Pomp, did other Ends diſguiſe:
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To ſound the depths, and fathom where it went,
The Peoples hearts; diſtinguiſh Friends from Foes;
And trie their ſtrength, before they came to Blows.
Yet all was colour'd with a ſmooth pretence
Of ſpecious Love, and Duty to their Prince.
Religion, and Redreſs of Grievances,
Two names, that always cheat, and always pleaſe,
Are often urg'd; and good King *David*'s life
Endanger'd by a Brother and a Wife.
Thus in a Pageant Shew, a Plot is made;
And Peace it ſelf is War in Maſquerade.

Oh

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Oh fooliſh *Iſrael*! never warn'd by Ill!
Still the ſame bait, and circumvented ſtill!
Did ever men forſake their preſent eaſe,
In midſt of health imagine a Diſeaſe;
Take pains Contingent miſchiefs to foreſee,
Make heirs for Monarchs, and for God decree?
What ſhall we think! Can People give away,
Both for themſelves and Sons, their native Sway?
Then they are left defenceleſs to the Sword
Of each unbounded arbitrary Lord:
And Laws are vain, by which we Right enjoy,
If Kings unqueſtion'd can thoſe Laws deſtroy.
Yet if the Croud be Judge of fit and Juſt,
And Kings are onely Officers in Truſt,
Then this reſuming Cov'nant was declar'd
When Kings were made, or is for ever bar'd:
If thoſe who gave the Sceptre coud not tie
By their own deed their own Poſterity,
How then coud *Adam* bind his future Race?
How coud his forfeit on Mankind take place?
Or how coud Heavenly Juſtice damn us all,
Who ne'er conſented to our Fathers Fall?
Then Kings are ſlaves to thoſe whom they command,
And Tenants to their Peoples pleaſure ſtand.
Add, that the Pow'r for Property allow'd,
Is miſchievouſly ſeated in the Croud:
For who can be ſecure of private Right,
If Sovereign Sway may be diſſolv'd by Might?
Nor is the Peoples Judgement always true:
The Moſt may err, as groſly as the Few.
And faultleſs Kings run down, by Common Cry,
For Vice, Oppreſſion and for Tyranny.
What Standard is there in a fickle Rout,
Which, flowing to the Mark, runs faſter out?
Nor onely Crouds, but *Sanhedrins* may be
Infected with this publick Lunacy:

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And ſhare the madneſs of Rebellious Times,
To Murther Monarchs for Imagin'd Crimes.
If they may give and take when e'er they pleaſe,
Not Kings alone, (the God-heads Images,)
But Government it ſelf at length muſt fall
To Natures State, where all have Right to all.
Yet, grant our Lords the People Kings can make,
What prudent men a ſetled Throne woud ſhake?
For whatſoe'er their Sufferings were before,
That Change they Covet makes them ſuffer more.
All other Errours but diſturb a State;
But Innovation is the Blow of Fate.
If ancient Fabricks nod, and threat to fall,
To Patch the Flaws, and Buttreſs up the Wall,
Thus far 'tis Duty; but here fix the Mark:
For all beyond it is to touch our Ark.
To change Foundations, caſt the Frame anew,
Is work for Rebels who baſe Ends purſue:
At once Divine and Humane Laws controul;
And mend the Parts by ruine of the Whole.
The tamp'ring world is ſubject to this Curſe,
To Phyſick their diſeaſe into a Worſe.

Now what Relief can Righteous *David* bring?
How Fatal 'tis to be too good a King!
Friends he has few, ſo high the madneſs grows;
Who dare be ſuch, muſt be the Peoples Foes:
Yet ſome there were, ev'n in the worſt of days;
Some let me Name, and Naming is to Praiſe.

In this ſhort File *Barzillai* firſt appears;
Barzillai crown'd with Honour and with Years:
Long ſince, the riſing Rebels he withſtood
In Regions Waſte beyond the *Jordans* Flood:
Unfortunately Brave to buoy the State;
But ſinking underneath his Maſter's Fate:

In

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In Exile with his God-like Prince he mourn'd:
For him he Suffer'd, and with him Retun'd.
The Court he practis'd, not the Courtier's Art:
Large was his Wealth, but larger was his Heart:
Which, well the Nobleſt Objects knew to chuſe,
The Fighting Warriour, and Recording Muſe.
His Bed coud once a Fruitfull Iſſue boaſt;
Now more than half a Father's Name is loſt.
His Eldeſt Hope, with every Grace adorn'd,
By me (ſo Heav'n will have it) always Mourn'd,
And always honour'd, ſnatch'd in Manhoods prime:
B' unequal Fates, and Providences crime:
Yet not before the Goal of Honour won,
All Parts fulfill'd of Subject and of Son;
Swift was the Race, but ſhort the time to run.
Oh Narrow Circle, but of Pow'r Divine,
Scanted in Space, but perfect in thy Line!
By Sea, by Land, thy matchleſs Worth was known;
Arms thy Delight, and War was all thy Own:
Thy force infus'd, the fainting *Tyrians* prop'd:
And haughty *Pharaoh* found his Fortune ſtop'd.
Oh Ancient Honour, Oh unconquer'd Hand,
Whom Foes unpuniſh'd never coud withſtand!
But *Iſrael* was unworthy of his Name:
Short is the date of all Immoderate Fame.
It looks as Heav'n our Ruine had deſign'd,
And durſt not truſt thy Fortune and thy Mind.
Now, free from Earth, thy diſencumbred Soul
Mounts up, and leaves behind the Clouds and Starry Pole:
From thence thy kindred legions mayſt thou bring,
To aid the guardian Angel of thy King.
Here ſtop, my Muſe, here ceaſe thy painfull flight;
No Pinions can purſue Immortal height:
Tell good *Barzillai* thou canſt ſing no more,
And tell thy Soul ſhe ſhould have fled before;

Or

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Or fled she with his life, and left this Verse
To hang on her departed Patron's Herse?
Now take thy steepy flight from Heav'n, and see
If thou canst find on Earth another He;
Another He would be too hard to find,
See then whom thou canst see not far behind.
Zadoc the Priest, whom, shunning Pow'r and Place,
His lowly mind advanc'd to *David*'s Grace:
With him the *Sagan* of *Jerusalem*,
Of hospitable Soul, and noble Stem;
Him of the Western dome, whose weighty sense
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
The Prophets Sons by such Example led,
To Learning and to Loyalty were bred:
For *Colleges* on bounteous Kings depend,
And never Rebel was to Arts a Friend.
To these succeed the Pillars of the Laws:
Who best coud plead, and best can judge a Cause.
Next them a train of Loyal Peers ascend,
Sharp judging *Adriel*, the Muses Friend,
Himself a Muse: ------In *Sanhedrins* debate
True to his Prince; but not a Slave of State.
Whom *David*'s Love with Honours did adorn,
That from his disobedient Son were torn.
Jotham of piercing Wit and pregnant Thought:
Endu'd by Nature, and by Learning taught
To move Assemblies, who but onely tri'd
The worse a while, then chose the better side:
Nor chose alone, but turn'd the Balance too;
So much the weight of one brave man can doe.
Hushai the Friend of *David* in distress,
In publick storms of manly stedfastness;
By Foreign Treaties he inform'd his Youth:
And joyn'd Experience to his Native Truth.
His frugal care suppli'd the wanting Throne;
Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:

'Tis

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'Tis eaſie Conduct when Exchequers flow;
But hard the task to manage well the low:
For Sovereign Power is too depreſt or high,
When Kings are forc'd to ſell, or Crouds to buy.
Indulge one labour more, my weary Muſe,
For *Amiel*; who can *Amiel*'s praiſe refuſe?
Of ancient Race by birth, but nobler yet
In his own worth, and without Title Great:
The *Sanhedrin* long time as Chief he rul'd,
Their Reaſon Guided, and their Paſſion cool'd;
So dextrous was he in the Crown's defence,
So form'd to ſpeak a Loyal Nations Senſe,
That as their Band was *Iſraels* Tribes in ſmall,
So fit was he to repreſent them all.
Now raſher Chariotiers the Seat aſcend,
Whoſe looſe Cariers his ſteady Skill commend:
They, like th' unequal Ruler of the Day,
Miſguide the Seaſons and miſtake the Way;
While he withdrawn at their mad Labour ſmiles,
And ſafe enjoys the Sabbath of his Toils.

Theſe were the chief; a ſmall but faithfull Band
Of Worthies, in the Breach who dar'd to ſtand;
And tempt th' united Fury of the Land.
With grief they view'd ſuch powerfull Engines bent,
To batter down the lawfull Government.
A numerous Faction with pretended frights,
In *Sanhedrins* to plume the Regal Rights.
The true Succeſſor from the Court remov'd:
The Plot by hireling Witneſſes improv'd.
Theſe Ills they ſaw, and as their Duty bound,
They ſhew'd the King the danger of the Wound;
That no Conceſſions from the Throne woud pleaſe;
But Lenitives fomented the Diſeaſe:
That *Abſalom*, ambitious of the Crown,
Was made the Lure to draw the People down:

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That falſe *Achitophel's* pernicious Hate,
Had turn'd the Plot to ruine Church and State:
The Council violent, the Rabble worſe:
That *Shimei* taught *Jeruſalem* to Curſe.

With all theſe loads of Injuries oppreſt,
And long revolving in his carefull Breaſt
Th' event of things; at laſt his Patience tir'd,
Thus, from his Royal Throne, by Heav'n inſpir'd,
The God-like *David* ſpoke; with awfull fear
His Train their Maker in their Maſter hear.

Thus long have I by Native Mercy ſway'd.
My wrongs diſſembl'd, my Revenge delay'd:
So willing to forgive th' Offending Age;
So much the Father did the King aſſwage.
But now ſo far my Clemency they ſlight,
Th' Offenders queſtion my Forgiving Right.
That one was made for many, they contend:
But 'tis to Rule, for that's a Monarch's End.
They call my Tenderneſs of Blood, my Fear:
Though Manly tempers can the Longeſt bear.
Yet, ſince they will divert my Native courſe,
'Tis time to ſhew I am not good by Force.
Thoſe heap'd Affronts that haughty Subjects bring,
Are Burthens for a Camel, not a King:
Kings are the publick Pillars of the State,
Born to ſuſtain and prop the Nations weight:
If my young *Sampſon* will pretend a Call
To ſhake the Column, let him ſhare the Fall:
But oh that yet he would repent and live!
How eaſie 'tis for Parents to forgive!
With how few Tears a Pardon might be won
From Nature, pleading for a Darling Son!
Poor, pitied Youth, by my Paternal care
Rais'd up to all the height his Frame coud bear:

Had

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Had God ordain'd his Fate for Empire Born,
He woud have giv'n his Soul another turn:
Gull'd with a Patriot's name, whose Modern sense
Is one that woud by Law supplant his Prince:
The Peoples Brave, the Politicians Tool;
Never was Patriot yet, but was a Fool.
Whence comes it that Religion and the Laws,
Should more be *Absalom*'s than *David*'s Cause?
His old instructor, e'er he lost his Place,
Was never thought indu'd with so much Grace.
Good Heav'ns, how Faction can a Patriot Paint!
My Rebel ever proves my Peoples Saint:
Woud *They* impose an Heir upon the Throne?
Let *Sanhedrins*, be taught to give their Own.
A King's at least a part of Government;
And mine as requisite as their Consent:
Without my leave a future King to choose,
Infers a Right the Present to Depose:
True, they petition me t'approve their Choise:
But *Esau*'s Hands suit ill with *Jacob*'s Voice.
My pious Subjects for my Safety pray,
Which to secure, they take my Pow'r away.
From Plots and Treasons Heav'n preserve my Years,
But save me most from my Petitioners.
Unsatiate as the barren Womb or Grave;
God cannot Grant so much as they can Crave.
What then is left, but with a Jealous Eye
To guard the Small Remains of Royalty?
The Law shall still direct my peacefull Sway,
And the same Law teach Rebels to obey:
Votes shall no more Establish'd Pow'r controul,
Such Votes as make a Part exceed the Whole:
No groundless Clamours shall my Friends remove,
Nor Crouds have Pow'r to Punish e'er they Prove:
For Gods, and God-like Kings their Care express,
Still to defend their Servants in distress.

Oh

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Oh that my Pow'r to Saving were confin'd:
Why am I forc'd, like Heav'n, againſt my mind,
To make Examples of another Kind?
Muſt I at length the Sword of Juſtice draw?
Oh curs'd Effects of neceſſary Law!
How ill my Fear they by my Mercy ſcan,
Beware the Fury of a Patient Man.
Law they require, let Law then ſhew her Face;
They could not be content to look on Grace,
Her Hinder Parts, but with a daring Eye
To tempt the terrour of her front and Die.
By their own Arts 'tis Righteouſly Decreed,
Thoſe dire Artificers of Death ſhall bleed,
Againſt themſelves their Witneſſes will Swear,
Till, Viper-like, their Mother-Plot they tear:
And ſuck for Nutriment that bloody gore,
Which was their Principle of Life before.
Their *Belial* with their *Beelzebub* will fight;
Thus on my Foes, my Foes ſhall doe me Right:
Nor doubt th' event: for Factious Crouds engage
In their firſt Onſet, all their Brutal Rage;
Then, let 'em take an unreſiſted Courſe:
Retire and Traverſe, and Delude their Force:
But when they ſtand all Breathleſs, urge the Fight,
And riſe upon 'em with redoubled might:
For Lawfull Pow'r is ſtill Superiour found,
When long driv'n back, at length it ſtands the ground.

He ſaid. Th' Almighty nodding gave conſent;
And Peals of Thunder ſhook the Firmament.
Henceforth a Series of new time began,
The mighty Years in long Proceſſion ran:
Once more the God-like *David* was Reſtor'd,
And willing Nations knew their Lawfull Lord.

FINIS.

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THE SECOND PART OF ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

A POEM.

-----Si Quis tamen Hæc quoque, Si Quis
Captus Amore Leget----------

The Second Edition.

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THE

Second Part

OF

ABSALOM

AND

ACHITOPHEL.

A POEM.

SInce Men, like Beasts, each others Prey were made,
Since Trade began, and Priesthood grew a Trade,
Since Realms were form'd, none sure so curst as those
That madly their own Happiness oppose; (those
There Heaven it self, and God-like Kings, in vain
Showr down the *Manna* of a gentle Reign;
While pamper'd Crowds to mad Sedition run,
And Monarchs by Indulgence are undone.
Thus *David*'s Clemency was fatal grown,
While wealthy Faction aw'd the wanting Throne.

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For now their Sov'reign's Orders to contemn
Was held the Charter of *Jeruſalem*,
His Rights t'invade, his Tributes to refuſe,
A Privilege peculiar to the *Jews*;
As if from Heav'nly Call this Licence fell,
And *Jacob*'s Seed were choſen to Rebell!

Achitophel with Triumph ſees his Crimes
Thus ſuited to the Madneſs of the Times;
And *Abſalom* to make his Hopes ſucceed,
Of Flattering Charms no longer ſtands in need;
While fond of Change, though ne'er ſo dearly bought,
Our Tribes out-ſtrip the Youth's Ambitious Thought;
His ſwifteſt Hopes with ſwifter Homage meet,
And crowd their ſervile Necks beneath his Feet.
Thus to his Aid while preſſing Tides repair,
He mounts and ſpreads his Streamers in the Air.
The Charms of Empire might his Youth miſ-lead,
But what can our befotted *Iſrael* plead?
Sway'd by a Monarch whoſe ſerene Command,
Seems half the Bleſſing of our promis'd Land.
Whoſe onely Grievance is exceſs of Eaſe,
Freedom our Pain, and Plenty our Diſeaſe!
Yet, as all Folly wou'd lay claim to Senſe,
And Wickedneſs ne'er wanted a Pretence,
With Arguments they'd make their Treaſon good,
And righteous *David*'s Self with Slanders load:
That Arts of foreign Sway he did affect,
And guilty *Jebuſites* from Law protect,
Whoſe very Chiefs, convict, were never freed,
Nay we have ſeen their Sacrificers bleed!
Accuſers Infamy is urg'd in vain,
While in the bounds of Senſe they did contain,
But ſoon they launcht into th'unfathom'd Tide,
And in the Depths they knew diſdain'd to Ride,

For

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For probable Diſcoveries to diſpence,
Was thought below a pention'd Evidence;
Mere Truth was dull, nor ſuited with the Port
Of pamper'd *Corah*, when advanct to Court.
No leſs than Wonders now they will impoſe,
And Projects void of Grace or Senſe diſcloſe.
Such was the Charge on pious *Michal* brought,
Michal that ne'er was cruel ev'n in Thought,
The beſt of Queens, and moſt obedient Wife,
Impeach'd of curſt Deſigns on *David*'s Life!
His Life, the Theme of her eternal Pray'r,
'Tis ſcarce ſo much his Guardian Angels Care.
Not Summer Morns ſuch Mildneſs can diſcloſe,
The *Hermon* Lilly, nor the *Sharon* Roſe.
Neglecting each vain Pomp of Majeſty,
Tranſported *Michal* feeds her Thoughts on high.
She lives with Angels, and as Angels do,
Quits Heav'n ſometimes to bleſs the World below.
Where, cheriſht by her Bounties plenteous Spring,
Reviving Widows ſmile, and Orphans ſing.
Oh! when rebellious *Iſrael*'s Crimes at height,
Are threatned with her Lord's approaching Fate,
The Piety of *Michal* then remain
In Heaven's Remembrance, and prolong his Reign.

Leſs Deſolation did the Peſt perſue,
That from *Dan*'s limits to *Beerſheba* ſlew,
Leſs fatal the repeated Wars of *Tyre*,
And leſs *Jeruſalem*'s avenging Fire.
With gentler Terrour theſe our State o'er-ran,
Than ſince our Evidencing Days began!
On every Cheek a pale Confuſion ſat,
Continu'd Fear beyond the worſt of Fate!
Truſt was no more, Art, Science, uſeleſs made,
All Occupations loſt but *Corah*'s Trade.

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Mean while a Guard on modeſt *Corah* wait,
If not for ſafety, needfull yet for State.
Well might he deem each Peer and Prince his Slave:
And Lord-it o'er the Tribes which he could Save:
Ev'n Vice in him was Vertue ----- what ſad Fate
But for his Honeſty had ſeiz'd our State?
And with what Tyranny had we been curſt,
Had *Corah* never prov'd a Villain firſt?
T' have told his knowledge of th' Intrigue in groſs
Had been, alas, to our Deponent's loſs:
The travell'd Levite had th' Experience got,
To husband well, and make the beſt of's Plot;
And therefore like an Evidence of skill,
With wiſe Reſerves ſecur'd his Penſion ſtill;
Nor quite of future Pow'r himſelf bereft,
But Limbo's large for Unbelievers left.
And now his Writ ſuch Reverence had got,
'Twas worſe than Plotting to ſuſpect his Plot.
Some were ſo well convinc'd they made no doubt,
Themſelves to help the founder'd Swearers out.
Some had their Senſe impos'd on by their Fear,
But more for Int'reſt ſake believe and ſwear:
Ev'n to that height with ſome the Frenzy grew,
They rag'd to find their danger not prove true.

Yet, than all theſe a Viler Crew remain,
Who with *Achitophel* the Cry maintain;
Not urg'd by Fear, nor through miſguided Senſe,
(Blind Zeal, and ſtarving Need had ſome pretence)
But for the *Good Old Cauſe* that did excite
Th' Original Rebels Wiles, Revenge and Spight.
Theſe raiſe the Plot to have the Scandal thrown
Upon the bright Succeſſour of the Crown,
Whoſe Vertue with ſuch Wrongs they had perſu'd,
As ſeem'd all hope of Pardon to exclude.

Thus,

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Thus, while on private Ends their Zeal is built.
The cheated Crowd applaud and ſhare their Guilt.

Such Practices as Theſe, too groſs to lye
Long unobſerv'd by each diſcerning Eye,
The more judicious *Iſraelites* Unſpell'd,
Though ſtill the Charm the giddy Rabble held,
Ev'n *Abſalom* amidſt the dazling Beams
Of Empire, and Ambitions flattering Dreams,
Perceives the Plot (too foul to be excus'd)
To aid Deſigns, no leſs pernicious, us'd.
And (Filial Senſe yet ſtriving in his Breaſt)
Thus to *Achitophel* his Doubts expreſt.

Why are my Thoughts upon a Crown employ'd,
Which once obtain'd, can be but half enjoy'd?
Not ſo when Virtue did my Arms require,
And to my Father's Wars I flew Intire.
My Regal Pow'r how will my Foes reſent,
When I my Self have ſcarce my own Conſent?
Give me a Son's unblemiſht Truth again,
Or quench the Sparks of Duty that remain.
How ſlight to force a Throne that Legions guard
The Task to me; to prove Unjuſt, how hard!
And if th' imagin'd Guilt thus wound my Thought,
What will it when the Tragick Scene is wrought?
Dire War muſt firſt be conjur'd from below,
The Realm we'd Rule we firſt muſt Overthrow,
And when the Civil Furies are on wing
That blind and undiſtinguiſht Slaughters fling,
Who knows what impious chance may reach the King?
Oh! rather let me Periſh in the Striſe,
Than have my Crown the Price of *David's* Life!
Or if the Tempeſt of the War he ſtand,
In Peace, ſome vile officious Villain's hand

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His Soul's anointed Temple may invade,
Or, preſt by clamorous Crowds, my Self be made
His Murtherer; rebellious Crowds, whoſe Guilt
Shall dread his Vengeance till his Bloud be ſpilt.
Which if my Filial Tenderneſs oppoſe,
Since to the Empire by their Arms I roſe,
Thoſe very Arms on Me ſhall be employ'd,
A new Uſurper Crown'd, and I Deſtroy'd:
The ſame Pretence of Publick Good will hold,
And new *Achitophels* be found as bold
To urge the needfull Change, perhaps the Old.

He ſaid. The Stateſman with a Smile replies,
(A Smile that did his riſing Spleen diſguiſe.)
My Thoughts preſum'd our Labours at an End,
And are we ſtill with Conſcience to contend?
Whoſe Want in Kings, as needfull is allow'd,
As tis for them to find it in the Crowd.
Far in the doubtfull paſſage you are gone,
And onely can be ſafe by preſſing on.
The Crown's true Heir, a Prince Severe, and Wiſe,
Has view'd your Motions long with Jealous Eyes:
Your Perſon's Charms, your more prevailing Arts,
And mark'd your Progreſs in the Peoples Hearts,
Whoſe Patience is th' effect of ſtinted Pow'r,
But treaſures Vengeance for the fatal hour,
And if remote the Perill He can bring,
Your Preſent Danger's greater from the King.
Let not a Parent's Name deceive your Senſe,
Nor truſt the Father in a Jealous Prince!
Your trivial Faults if he could ſo reſent,
To doom you little leſs than Baniſhment,
What Rage muſt your Preſumption Since inſpire?
Againſt his Orders your return from *Tyre*?
Nor onely ſo, but with a Pomp more high,
And open Court of Popularity,

The

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The Factious Tribes-----And this Reproof from Thee?
(The Prince replies) O Stateſman's winding Skill,
They firſt Condemn that firſt Adviſ'd the Ill!
Illuſtrious Youth (return'd *Achitophel*)
Miſconſtrue not the Words that mean you well.
The Courſe you ſteer I worthy Blame conclude,
But 'tis becauſe you leave it Unperſu'd.
A Monarch's Crown with Fate ſurrounded lies,
Who reach, lay hold on Death that miſs the Prize.
Did you for this expoſe your Self to Show,
And to the Crowd bow popularly low?
For this your glorious Progreſs next ordain,
With Chariots, Horſemen, and a numerous Train.
With Fame before you like the Morning Star,
And Shouts of Joy ſaluting from afar.
Oh from the Heights you've reach'd but take a View,
Scarce leading *Lucifer* cou'd Fall like You!
And muſt I here my Ship-wrackt Arts bemoan?
Have I for this ſo oft made *Iſrael* groan!
Your Single Intereſt with the Nation weigh'd,
And turn'd the Scale where your Deſires were laid?
Ev'n when at Helm a Courſe ſo dang'rous mov'd
To Land your Hopes, as my Removal prov'd.

I not diſpute (the Royal Youth replies)
The known Perfection of your Policies,
Nor in *Achitophel* yet grudge or blame,
The Privilege that Statéſmen ever claim;
Who private Intereſt never yet perſu'd,
But ſtill pretended 'twas for Others good:
What Politician yet e'er ſcap'd his Fate,
Who ſaving his own Neck not ſav'd the State?
From hence on ev'ry hum'rous Wind that veer'd,
With ſhifted ſails a ſev'ral Courſe you Steer'd.
What Form of Sway did *David* e'er perſue,
That ſeem'd like Abſolute but ſprung from You?

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Who at your Inſtance quaſht each penal Law,
That kept diſſenting Factious *Jews* in awe;
And who ſuſpends fixt Laws, may abrogate,
That done, form New, and ſo enſlave the State.
Ev'n Property, whoſe Champion now you ſtand;
And ſeem for this the Idol of the Land,
Did ne'er ſuſtain ſuch Violence before,
As when your Counſel ſhut the Royal Store;
Advice, that Ruine to whole Tribes procur'd,
But ſecret kept till your own Banks ſecur'd.
Recount with this the tripple Cov'nant broke,
And *Iſrael* fitted for a Foreign Yoke;
Nor here your Counſels fatal Progreſs ſtaid,
But ſent our levied Powers to *Pharaoh*'s Aid.
Hence *Tire* and *Iſrael*, low in Ruins laid,
And *Egypt* once their Scorn, their common Terrour (made.
Ev'n yet of ſuch a Seaſon we can dream,
When Royal Rights you made your darling Theme.
For Pow'r unlimited cou'd Reaſons draw,
And place Prerogative above the Law;
Which on your fall from Office grew Unjuſt,
The Laws made King, the King a Slave in Truſt:
Whom with State-craft (to Int'reſt onely True)
You now Accuſe of Ills contriv'd by You.

To this Hell's Agent------Royal Youth, fix here,
Let Int'reſt be the Star by which I Steer.
Hence to repoſe your Truſt in Me was wiſe,
Whoſe Int'reſt moſt in your Advancement lies.
A Tye ſo firm as always will avail.
When Friendſhip, Nature and Religion fail;
On ours the Safety of the Crowd depends,
Secure the Crowd and we obtain our Ends,
Whom I will cauſe ſo far our Guilt to ſhare
Till they are made our Champions by their Fear.

What

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What Oppoſition can your Rival bring,
While Sanhedrims are Jealous of the King?
His Strength as yet in *David*'s Friendſhip lies,
And what can *David*'s Self without Supplies?
Who with Excluſive Bills muſt now Diſpence,
Debarr the Heir, or Starve in his Defence.
Conditions which our Elders ne'er will quit,
And *David*'s Juſtice never can admit.
Or forc'd by Wants his Brother to betray,
To your Ambition next he clears the Way;
For if Succeſſion once to Nought they bring,
Their next Advance removes the preſent King:
Perſiſting elſe his Senates to diſſolve,
In equal Hazzard ſhall his Reign involve.
Our Tribes, whom *Pharaoh*'s Pow'r ſo much Alarms,
Shall riſe without their Prince t'oppoſe his Arms;
Nor boots it on what Cauſe at firſt they Joyn,
Their Troops once up, are Tools for our Deſign.
At leaſt ſuch ſubtile Covenants ſhall be made,
Till Peace it ſelf is War in Maſquerade.
Aſſociations of Myſterious Senſe,
Againſt, but ſeeming for, the King's Defence:
Ev'n on their Courts of Juſtice Fetters draw,
And from our Agents Muzzle up their Law.
By which, a Conqueſt if we fail to make,
'Tis a drawn Game at worſt, and we ſecure our Stake.

He ſaid, and for the dire Succeſs depends
On various Sects, by common Guilt made Friends.
Whoſe Heads, though ne'er ſo diff'ring in their Creed,
I'th point of Treaſon yet were well Agreed.
'Mongſt theſe, Extorting *Iſhban* firſt appears,
Perſu'd b'a meager Troop of Bankrupt Heirs.
Bleſt Times, when *Iſhban*, He whoſe Occupation
So long has been to Cheat, Reformes the Nation?

Iſhban,

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Iſhban of Conſcience ſuited to his Trade.
As good a Saint as Uſurer e'er made.
Yet *Mammon* has not ſo engroſt him quite,
But *Belial* lays as large a Claim of Spight;
Who, for thoſe Pardons from his Prince he draws,
Returns Reproaches, and cries up the Cauſe.
That Year in which the City he did ſway,
He left Rebellion in a hopefull way.
Yet his Ambition once was found ſo bold,
To offer Talents of Extorted Gold;
Cou'd *David*'s Wants have ſo been brib'd to ſhame
And ſcandalize our Peerage with his Name;
For which, his dear Sedition he'd forſwear,
And e'en turn Loyal to be made a Peer.
Next him, let Railing *Rabſheka* have place,
So full of Zeal He has no need of Grace;
A Saint that can both Fleſh and Spirit uſe,
Alike haunt Conventicles and the Stews:
Of whom the Queſtion difficult appears,
If moſt i' th' Preachers or the Bawds Arrears.
What Caution cou'd appear too much in Him
That keeps the Treaſure of *Jeruſalem*!
Let *David*'s Brother but approach the Town,
Double our Guards (He cries) *We are undone.*
Proteſting that He dares not Sleep in's Bed
Leſt he ſhou'd riſe next Morn without his Head.

Next theſe, a Troop of buiſy Spirits preſs,
Of little Fortunes, and of Conſcience Leſs;
With them the Tribe, whoſe Luxury had drain'd
Their Banks, in former Sequeſtrations gain'd:
Who Rich and Great by paſt Rebellions grew,
And long to fiſh the troubled Streams anew.
Some future Hopes, ſome preſent Payment draws,
To ſell their Conſcience and eſpouſe the Cauſe.

Such

Such Stipends thoſe vile Hirelings beſt befit,
Prieſts without Grace, and Poets without Wit.
Shall that falſe *Hebronite* eſcape our Curſe,
Judas that keeps the Rebels Penſion-Purſe;
Judas that pays the Treaſon-writers Fee,
Judas that well deſerves his Nameſake's Tree;
Who at *Jeruſalem*'s own Gates Erects
His College for a Nurſery of Sects:
Young Prophets with an early Care ſecures,
And with the Dung of his own Arts manures.
What have the Men of *Hebron* here to doe?
What part in *Iſrael*'s promis'd Land have you?
Here *Phaleg* the Lay-*Hebronite* is come,
'Cauſe like the reſt he cou'd not live at Home;
Who from his own Poſſeſſions cou'd not drain
An *Omer* even of *Hebronitiſh* Grain,
Here Struts it like a Patriot, and talks high
Of Injur'd Subjects, alter'd Property:
An Emblem of that buzzing Inſect Juſt,
That mounts the Wheel, and thinks ſhe raiſes Duſt.
Can dry-Bones Live? or *Skeletons* produce
The Vital Warmth of Cuckoldizing Juice?
Slim *Phaleg* cou'd, and at the Table fed,
Return'd the gratefull product to the Bed.
A Waiting-man to Trav'ling Nobles choſe,
He, his own Laws, wou'd Sawcily impoſe;
Till Baſtinado'd back again he went,
To learn thoſe Manners he to Teach was ſent.
Chaſtiz'd he ought to have retreated Home,
But He reads Politicks to *Abſalom*.
For never *Hebronite*, though Kick'd and Scorn'd,
To his own Country willingly return'd.
—— But having famiſh'd *Phaleg* to be fed,
And to talk Treaſon for his daily Bread,
Let *Hebron*, nay let Hell produce a Man
So made for Miſchief as *Ben-Jochanan*,

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A *Jew* of Humble Parentage was He,
By Trade a Levite, though of low Degree:
His Pride no higher than the Desk aſpir'd,
But for the Drudgery of Prieſts was hir'd
To Reade and Pray in Linen Ephod brave,
And pick up ſingle Shekels from the Grave.
Married at laſt, and finding Charge come faſter,
He cou'd not live by God, but chang'd his Maſter:
Inſpir'd by Want, was made a Factious Tool,
They Got a Villain, and we Loſt a Fool.
Still Violent, whatever Cauſe he took,
But moſt againſt the Party he forſook,
For Renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
Are bound in Conſcience to be double Knaves.
So this Proſe-Prophet took moſt monſtrous Pains,
To let his Maſters ſee he earn'd his Gains.
But as the Dev'l ows all his Imps a Shame,
He choſe th'*Apoſtate* for his proper Theme;
With little Pains he made the Picture true,
And from Reflexion took the Rogue he drew.
A wondrous Work to prove the *Jewiſh* Nation,
In every Age a Murmuring Generation;
To trace 'em from their Infancy of Sinning,
And ſhew 'em Factious from their Firſt Beginning.
To prove they cou'd Rebell, and Rail, and Mock,
Much to the Credit of the Choſen Flock;
A ſtrong Authority which muſt Convince,
That Saints own no Allegiance to their Prince.
As 'tis a Leading-Card to make a Whore,
To prove her Mother had turn'd up before.
But, tell me, did the Drunken Patriarch bleſs
The Son that ſhew'd his Father's Nakedneſs?
Such Thanks the preſent Church thy Pen will give,
Which proves Rebellion was ſo Primitive.
Muſt Ancient Failings be Examples made,
Then Murtherers from *Cain* may learn their Trade?

As

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As thou the Heathen and the Saint haſt drawn;
Methinks th'Apoſtate was the better Man:
And thy hot *Father* (waving my reſpect)
Not of a Mother Church, but of a Sect.
And Such he needs muſt be of thy Inditing,
This Comes of drinking Aſſes Milk and Writing.
If *Balack* ſhould be call'd to leave his place
(As Profit is the loudeſt call of Grace,)
His Temple diſpoſſeſſ'd of one, wou'd be
Repleniſh'd with ſeven Devils more by thee.

Levi, thou art a load, I'll lay thee down,
And ſhew Rebellion bare, without a Gown;
Poor Slaves in Metre, Dull and Addle-pated,
Who Rhime below ev'n *David*'s Pſalms tranſlated.
Some in my Speedy pace I muſt out-run,
As lame *Mephibosheth* the Wiſard's Son:
To make quick way I'll leap o'er heavy Blocks,
Shun rotten *Uzza* as I wou'd the Pox;
And haſten *Og* and *Doeg* to rehearſe,
Two Fools that Crutch their Feeble Senſe on Verſe;
Who by my Muſe to all ſucceeding times,
Shall live in ſpight of their own Dogrell Rhimes.
Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
Made ſtill a blundring kind of Melody;
Spurr'd boldly on, and Daſh'd through Thick and Thin,
Through Senſe and Non-ſenſe, never out nor in;
Free from all meaning, whether Good or Bad,
And in one Word, Heroically Mad:
He was too warm on Picking-work to dwell,
But Faggotted his Notions as they fell,
And if they Rhim'd and Rattl'd all was well.
Spightfull he is not, though he wrote a Satyr,
For ſtill there goes ſome *thinking* to Ill-Nature:
He needs no more than Birds and Beaſts to think,
All his occaſions are to Eat and Drink.

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If he call Rogue and Rascal from a Garrat
He means you no more Mischief than a Parrat:
The words for Friend and Foe alike were made,
To Fetter 'em in Verse is all his Trade.
For Almonds he'll cry Whore to his own Mother:
And call Young *Absalom* King *David*'s Brother.
Let him be Gallows-Free by my Consent,
And nothing Suffer since he nothing Meant;
Hanging supposes Humane Soul and Reason,
This Animal's below committing Treason:
Shall he be hang'd who never cou'd Rebell?
That's a preferment for *Achitophel*.
The Woman that committed Buggary,
Was rightly Sentenc'd by the Law to die;
But 'twas hard Fate that to the Gallows led,
The Dog that never heard the Statute read.
Railing in other Men may be a Crime,
But ought to pass for mere Instinct in him;
Instinct he follows and no farther knows,
For to write Verse with him is to *Transprose*.
'Twere pity Treason at his Door to lay,
Who *makes Heaven's Gate a Lock to its own Key:*
Let him Rail on, let his invective Muse
Have four and Twenty Letters to abuse,
Which if he Jumbles to one Line of Sense,
Indict him of a Capital Offence.
In Fire-works give him leave to vent his Spight,
Those are the onely Serpents he can write;
The height of his Ambition is we know
But to be Master of a Puppet-show,
On that one Stage his Works may yet appear,
And a Months Harvest keeps him all the Year.

Now stop your Noses, Readers, all and some,
For here's a Tun of Midnight-work to come,
Og from a Treason Tavern rowling Home.

Round

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Round as a Globe, and Liquor'd ev'ry chink,
Goodly and great he ſayls behind his Link;
With all this bulk ther's nothing loſt in *Og*,
For ev'ry inch that is not Fool is Rogue:
A Monſtrous maſs of foul corrupted matter,
As all the Devils had ſpew'd to make the batter.
When wine has given him courage to Blaſpheme,
He curſes God, but God before curſt him;
And if man cou'd have reaſon none has more,
That made his *P*aunch ſo rich and him ſo poor.
With wealth he was not truſted, for Heav'n knew
VVhat 'twas of old to pamper up a *Jew*;
To what wou'd he on Quail and Pheaſant ſwell,
That ev'n on Tripe and Carrion cou'd rebell?
But though Heav'n made him poor, (with rev'rence ſpeaking,
He never was a Poet of God's making;
The Midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,
VVith this Prophetick bleſſing ---- *Be thou Dull*;
Drink, ſwear and roar, forbear no lewd delight
Fit for thy bulk, do any thing but write:
Thou art of laſting Make, like thoughtleſs men,
A ſtrong Nativity ---- but for the pen;
Eat Opium, mingle Arſenick in thy drink,
Still thou mayſt live avoiding pen and ink.
I ſee, I ſee, 'tis Counſel given in vain,
For *T*reaſon botcht in rhime will be thy bane;
Rhime is the Rock on which thou art to wreck,
'Tis fatal to thy fame and to thy Neck:
VVhy ſhou'd thy metre good King *David* blaſt?
A Pſalm of his will ſurely be thy laſt.
Dar'ſt thou preſume in verſe to meet thy foes,
Thou whom the penny Pamphlet foil'd in proſe?
Doeg, whom God for Mankinds mirth has made,
O'er-tops thy tallent in thy very trade;
Doeg to thee, thy paintings are ſo courſe,
A Poet is, though he's the *P*oets Horſe.

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A double Nooſe thou on thy Neck doſt pull
For writing *Treaſon*, and for writing dull;
To die for Faction is a common evil,
But to be hang'd for Non-ſenſe is the Devil:
Hadſt thou the Glories of thy King expreſt,
Thy praiſes had been Satyr at the beſt;
But thou in clumſie Verſe, unlickt, unpointed,
Haſt ſhamefully defi'd the Lord's anointed:
I will not rake the Dung-hill of thy Crimes,
For who would read thy Life that reads thy Rhimes?
But of King *Davids* Foes, be this the Doom,
May all be like the Young-man *Abſalom*;
And for my Foes may this their Bleſſing be,
To talk like *Doeg*, and to write like thee.

Achitophel each Rank, Degree and Age,
For various ends, neglects not to engage;
The wiſe and rich for Purſe and Counſel brought,
The Fools and Beggars for their Number ſought:
VVho yet not onely on the *Town* depends,
For ev'n in Court the Faction had its Friends;
Theſe thought the Places they poſſeſt too ſmall,
And in their hearts wiſht Court and King to fall:
VVhoſe Names the Muſe diſdaining, holds i'th' Dark,
Thruſt in the Villain Herd without a Mark;
VVith Paraſites and Libell-ſpawning Imps,
Intriguing Fops, dull Jeſters, and worſe Pimps.
Diſdain the Raſcal Rabble to perſue,
Their ſet Caballs are yet a viler Crew;
See where involv'd in common ſmoak they ſit;
Some for our Mirth, ſome for our *Satyr* fit:
Theſe gloomy, thoughtful and on Miſchief bent,
VVhile thoſe for mere good Fellowſhip frequent
Th' appointed Club, can let Sedition paſs,
Senſe, Non-ſenſe, any thing t'employ the Glaſs;

And

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And who beleive in their dull honeſt Hearts,
The Reſt talk Treaſon but to ſhew their Parts;
Who n'er had Wit or Will for Miſchief yet,
But pleas'd to be reputed of a Set.

But in the Sacred Annals of our Plot,
Induſtrious *A R O D* never be forgot:
The Labours of this Midnight-Magiſtrate,
May Vie with *Corah*'s to perſerve the State?
In ſearch of Arms, He fail'd not to lay hold
On War's moſt Powerful dang'rous Weapon, *G O L D.*
And laſt, to take from *Jebuſites* all Odds,
Their Altars pillag'd, ſtole their very Gods;
'Oft wou'd He Cry, when Treaſure He ſurpriz'd,
Tis Baaliſh *Gold in* Davids *Coyn Diſguiz'd.*
Which to his Houſe with *richer Relicts* came,
While Lumber Idols onely fed the Flame:
For our wiſe Rabble ne'er took pains t' enquire,
What 'twas he burnt, ſo't made a rouſing Fire.
With which our Elder was enricht no more
Than Falſe *Gehazi* with the *Syrian*'s Store;
So poor, that when our Chooſing-Tribes were met,
Ev'n for his Stinking Votes He ran in Debt;
For Meat the Wicked, and as Authors think,
The Saints He Chous'd for His Electing Drink;
Thus ev'ry Shift and ſubtle Method paſt,
And All to be no *Zaken* at the Laſt.

Now, rais'd on *Tyre*'s ſad Ruines, *Pharaoh*'s Pride
Soar'd high, his Legions threatning far and wide;
As when a batt'ring Storm ingendred high,
By Winds upheld, hangs hov'ring in the Skye,
Is gaz'd upon by ev'ry trembling Swain,
This for his Vineyard fears, and that his Grain;
For blooming Plants, and Flowr's new Opening, Theſe
For Lambs ean'd lately, and far-lab'ring Bees;

To

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To Guard his Stock each to the Gods does call,
Uncertain where the Fire-charg'd Clouds will Fall:
Ev'n so the doubtful Nations watch his Arms,
With Terrour each expecting his Alarms.
Where *Judah*, where was nowthy Lyons Roar?
Thou only cou'dst the Captive Lands restore;
But Thou, with inbred Broils, and Faction prest,
From *Egypt* need'st a Guardian with the Rest.
Thy Prince from Sanhedrims no Trust allow'd,
Too much the Representers of the Crow'd,
Who for their own Defence give no Supply,
But what the Crowns Prerogatives must buy:
As if their Monarch's Rights to violate,
More needful were than to preserve the State!
From present Dangers they divert their Care,
And all their Fears are of the Royal Heir;
Whom now the reigning Malice of his Foes,
Unjudg'd wou'd Sentence, and e'er Crown'd, Depose.
Religion the Pretence, but their Decree
To bar his Reign, whate'er his Faith shall be!
By Sanhedrims, and clam'rous Crowds, thus prest
What passions rent the Righteous *David*'s Breast?
Who knows not how t'oppose, or to comply,
Unjust to Grant, and dangerous to Deny!
How near in this dark Juncture *Israel*'s Fate,
Whose Peace one sole Expedient cou'd create,
VVhich yet th' extremest Virtue did require,
Ev'n of that Prince whose Downfal thy conspire!
His Absence *David* does with Tears advise
T'appease their Rage, Uudaunted He Complies;
Thus he who prodigal of Bloud, and Ease,
A Royal Life expos'd to winds and Seas,
At once contending with the *W*aves and Fire,
And heading Danger in the wars of *Tyre*,
Inglorious now forsakes his Native sand,
And like an Exile quits the promis'd Land!

Our

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Our Monarch ſcarce from preſſing tears refrains,
And painfully his Royal State maintains,
*W*ho now embracing on th' extremeſt ſhore
Almoſt Revokes what he injoyn'd before:
Concludes at laſt more truſt to be allow'd,
To ſtorms and ſeas, than to the raging Crow'd!
Forbear, raſh Muſe, the parting *S*cene to draw,
*W*ith ſilence charm'd as deep as theirs that ſaw!
Not only our attending Nobles weep,
But hardy *S*aylers ſwell with tears the deep!
The *T*yde reſtrain'd her Courſe, and more amaz'd,
The *T*wyn-ſtars on the Royal Brothers gaiz'd:
*W*hile this ſole fear -------
Does trouble to our ſuff'ring Heroe bring
Leſt next the popular rage oppreſs the King!
Thus parting, each for th' others danger griev'd,
The ſhore the King, and *S*eas the *P*rince receiv'd.
Go injur'd Heroe while propitious gales,
Soft as thy Conſorts breath inſpire thy ſails;
*W*ell may ſhe truſt her beauties on a floud,
*W*here thy triumphant Fleets ſo oft have rode!
Safe on thy breaſt reclin'd her reſt be deep,
Rockt like a *Nereid* by the *W*aves a ſleep;
*W*hile happieſt dreams her fancy entertain,
And to *Elyſian Fields* convert the Main!
Go injur'd Heroe while the ſhores of *Tyre*,
At thy approach ſo ſilent ſhall admire,
*W*ho on thy thunder ſtill their thoughts imploy,
*A*nd greet thy Landing with a trembling Joy.

On Heroes thus the Prophet's fate is thrown,
*A*dmir'd by ev'ry Nation but their own;
Yet while our factious *Jews* his worth deny,
Their aking Conſcience gives their tongue the lye.
Ev'n in the worſt of Men the nobleſt parts
Confeſs him, and he *T*riumphs in their hearts,

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Whom to his King the best Respects commend
Of Subject, Souldier, Kinsman, Prince and Friend;
All Sacred Names of most divine Esteem,
And to Perfection all sustain'd by him,
Wise, Just and Constant, Courtly without art,
Swift to discern and to reward Desert;
No Hour of His in fruitless Ease destroy'd,
But on the noblest Subject's still employ'd:
Whose steddy Soul ne'er learnt to separate
Between his Monarch's Int'rest and the State,
But heaps those Blessings on the Royal Head,
Which He well knows must be on Subjects shed.

On what pretence cou'd then the Vulgar Rage
Against his worth, and native Rights engage?
Religious Fears their Argument are made,
Religious Fears his Sacred Rights invade!
Of future Superstition they complain,
And *Jebusitick* Worship in his Reign;
With such Alarms his Foes the Crowd deceive,
With Dangers fright, which not Themselves beleive.

Since nothing can our Sacred Rites remove,
Whate'er the Faith of the Successour prove:
Our *Jews* their Ark shall undisturb'd retain,
At least while their Religion is their Gain,
Who know by old Experience *Baal's* Commands
Not only claim'd their Conscience, but their Lands;
They grutch God's tythes, how therefore shall they yield
An Idol full possession of the Field?
Grant such a Prince enthron'd, we must confess
The peoples suff'rings than that Monarch's less,
Who must to hard Conditions still be bound,
And for his Quiet with the Crowd compound;
Or shou'd his thoughts to Tyranny incline,
Where are the means to compass the design?

Our

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Our Crowns Revenues are too ſhort a ſtore,
And Jealous *Sanhedrims* wou'd give no more
As vain our fears of *Egypt's* potent aid,
Not ſo has *Pharoah* learnt ambition's trade,
Nor ever with ſuch meaſures can comply,
As ſhock the common *Rules* of policy;
None dread like him the growth of *Iſrael's* King;
And he alone ſufficient aids can bring;
VVho knows that *Prince* to *Egypt* can give Law,
That on our ſtubborn *Tribes* his yoke cou'd draw,
At ſuch profound expence he has not ſtood,
Nor dy'd for this his Hands ſo deep in blood; (take,
Wou'd nere through wrong and right his progreſs
Grudge his own reſt, and keep the world awake,
To fix a lawleſs *Prince* on *Judah's Throne*,
Firſt to invade our *Rights*, and then his Own;
His dear-gain'd Conqueſts cheaply to deſpoil,
And reap the harveſt of his Crimes and toil.
VVe grant his wealth vaſt as our Ocean's ſand,
And curſe its fatal influence on our Land,
VVhich our brib'd *Jews* ſo num'rouſly partake,
That ev'n an Hoſt his *Penſioners* wou'd make;
From theſe Deceivers our Diviſions ſpring,
Our weakneſs, and the growth of *Egypt's* King;
Theſe with pretended friendſhip to the *State*,
Our Crowd's ſuſpicion of their *Prince* create,
Both pleas'd and frighten'd with the ſpecious cry,
To guard their ſacred *Rights* and *Property*;
To ruin, thus, the choſen flock are ſold,
VVhile Wolves are ta'ne for Guardians of the fold;
Seduc'd by theſe, we groundleſly complain,
And loath the Manna of a gentle Reign:
Thus our Fore-fathers crooked paths are trod,
We truſt our *Prince*, no more then they their God.
But all in vain our Reaſoning *Prophets* preach,
To thoſe whom ſad experience ne're cou'd teach,

Who

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Who can commence new broils in bleeding ſcars,
And freſh Remembrance of inteſtine *Wars*;
When the ſame houſhold mortal foes did yeild,
And Brothers ſtain'd with Brothers blood the field;
When Sons curſt ſteel the Fathers gore did ſtain,
And Mothers mourn'd for Sons by Fathers ſlain!
When thick, as *Egypt's* Locuſts on the ſand, (Land,
Our *Tribes* lay ſlaughter'd through the promis'd
Whoſe few *Survivers* with worſe fate remain,
To drag the Bondage of a *Tyrants* Reign:
Which Scene of woes, unknowing we renew,
And madly, ev'n thoſe ills we fear perſue;
While *Pharoah* laughs at our *Domeſtick* broils,
And ſafely crowds his tents with Nations ſpoils.
Yet our fierce Sanhedrim in reſtleſs rage,
Againſt our abſent Heroe ſtill engage,
And chiefly urge, (ſuch did their frenzy prove,)
The only *Suit* their Prince forbids to move,
Which till obtain'd, they ceaſe affairs of State,
And real dangers wave, for groundleſs hate.
Long *David's* patience waits relief to bring,
With all th' Indulgence of a lawful King,
Expecting till the troubled waves wou'd ceaſe,
But found the raging Billows ſtill increaſe.
The Crowd, whoſe inſolence forbearance ſwells,
While he forgives too far, almoſt Rebels.
At laſt his deep Reſentments ſilence broke,
Th' Imperial Pallace ſhook, while thus he ſpoke,

Then Juſtice wake, and Rigour take her time,
For Lo! our Mercy is become our Crime.
VVhile haulting Puniſhment her ſtroke delays,
Our *Sov'reign* Right, Heav'ns Sacred truſt, decays;
For whoſe ſupport ev'n Subjects Intereſt calls,
VVo! to that Kingdom where the Monarch falls.

That

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That Prince who yeilds the leaſt of Regal ſway,
So far his peoples freedom does betray.
Right lives by Law, and Law ſubſiſts by Pow'r
Diſarm the Shepherd, *W*olves the Flock devour.
Hard lot of Empire o're a ſtubborn Race,
Which Heav'n it ſelf in vain has try'd with Grace!
When will our Reaſons long-charm'd Eyes uncloſe,
And *Iſrael* judge between her friends and foes?
When ſhall we ſee expir'd Deceivers ſway,
And credit what our God and Monarchs ſay?
Diſſembled Patriots brib'd with *Egypts* gold,
Evile Sanhedrims in blind obedience hold;
Thoſe Patriots, falſhood in their actions ſee,
And judge by the pernicious Fruit the Tree;
If ought for which ſo loudly they declaim
Religion, Laws, and Freedom were their aim;
Our Senates in due methods they had led,
T' avoid thoſe miſcheifs which they ſeem'd to dread;
But firſt e're yet they propt the ſinking *S*tate,
T' impeach and charge, as urg'd by private hate;
Proves that they ne're beleiv'd the fears they preſt,
But Barb'rouſly deſtroy'd the Nations reſt!
O! Whither will ungovern'd Senates drive,
And to what bounds licentious Votes arrive?
When their Injuſtice, we are preſt to ſhare,
The Monarch urg'd t' exclude the lawful Heir;
Are Princes thus diſtinguiſh'd from the Crowd,
And this the *P*rivileдge of Royal Blood?
But grant we ſhou'd confirm the wrongs they preſs,
His *S*ufferings yet were, than the Peoples, leſs;
Condem'd for life the Murdring *S*word to weild,
And on their Heirs entail a bloody Feild:
Thus madly their own Freedom they betray,
And for th' Oppreſſion, which they fear, make way;
Succeſſion fixt by Heav'n, the Kingdoms Bar,
Which once diſſolv'd, admits the Floud of war;

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VVaſt, Rapine, ſpoil, without, th' aſſault begin,
And our mad Tribes ſupplant the fence within.
Since then their good they will not underſtand,
'Tis time to take the Monarchs pow'r in hand;
Authority, and force to joyn with skill,
And ſave the Lunaticks againſt their will.
The ſame rough means that ſwage the Crowd, appeaſe
Our *S*enates raging with the Crowds diſeaſe.
Henceforth unbiaſs'd Meaſures let 'em draw
From no falſe gloſs, but Genuine Text of Law;
Nor urge thoſe Crimes upon *R*eligions ſcore
Themſelves ſo much, in Jebuſites abhor.
VVhom Laws convict (and only they) ſhall bleed,
Nor Phariſees by Phariſees be freed.
Impartial Juſtice from our Throne ſhall ſhow'r,
*A*ll ſhall have right, and we our Sov'reign pow'r.

He ſaid, th' *A*ttendants heard with awful Joy,
*A*nd glad preſages their fixt thoughts imploy;
From *Hebron* now the ſuffering Heir return'd,
*A R*ealm that long with Civil diſcor'd mourn'd;
Till his approach, like ſome arriving God,
Compos'd and heal'd the place of his aboad;
The Deluge checkt that to *Judea* ſpread,
*A*nd ſtopt *S*edition at the Fountain's head.
Thus in forgiving *David*'s paths he drives,
*A*nd chas'd from *Iſrael*, *Iſraels* peace contrives.
The Field confeſt his pow'r in arms before,
*A*nd Seas proclaim'd his *T*ryumphs to the ſhore;
*A*s nobly has his ſway in *Hebron* ſhown,
How fit t' Inherit Godlike *Davids* Throne?
Through *Sion's*-ſtreets his glad arrival's ſpread,
*A*nd Conſcious Faction ſhrinks her ſnaky head;
His *T*rain their Sufferings think o'repaid, to ſee
The Crowds applauſe with vertue once agree.

Succeſs

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Succeſs charms all, but Zeal for Worth diſtreſt
A virtue proper to the brave and beſt;
'Mongſt whom was *Jothran*, *Jothran* alwayes bent
To ſerve the Crown, and Loyal by Deſcent,
Whoſe conſtancy ſo firm, and conduct juſt,
Deſerv'd at once two Royal Maſters truſt;
Who *Tyre's* proud armes had Manfully withſtood
On Seas, and gather'd Lawrels from the Floud
Of Learning yet, no portion was deny'd,
Friend to the Muſes, and the Muſes pride.
Nor can *Benaiah's* worth forgotten lie,
Of ſteddy Soul when publick ſtorms were high;
Whoſe conduct, while the *Moor* fierce Onſets made,
Secur'd at once our Honour and our trade. (mourn'd,
Such were the Chiefs, who moſt his ſuff'rings
And view'd with ſilent Joy the Prince return'd;
While thoſe that ſought his abſence to betray,
Preſs firſt their Nauſeous falſe reſpects to pay;
Him ſtill th' officious Hypocrites moleſt,
And with malicious duty break his reſt.

While real tranſports thus his Friends employ,
And Foes are loud in their diſſembled Joy,
His Triumphs ſo reſounded far and near,
Miſt not his young ambitious Rival's Ear;
And as when joyful Hunters clam'rous train,
Some ſlumbring Lion wakes in *Moab's* plain,
Who oft had forc'd the bold Aſſailants yeild,
And ſcatter'd his Perſuers through the field,
Diſdaining, furls his Main, and tears the ground,
His eyes enflaming all the Deſart round,
With Roar of Seas directs his Chaſers way,
Provokes from far, and dares them to the fray;
Such rage ſtorm'd now in *Abſalom's* fierce breaſt,
Such Indignation his fir'd Eyes confeſt;

Where

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Where now was the Inſtructer of his pride?
Slept the old Pilot in ſo rough a tide?
Whoſe wiles had from the happy ſhore betray'd,
And thus on ſhelves the cred'lous Youth convey'd;
In deep revolving thoughts he weighs his State,
Secure of Craft, nor doubts to baffle Fate,
At leaſt, if his ſtorm'd Barque muſt go adrift,
To baulk his charge, and for himſelf to ſhift,
In which his dextrous wit had oft been ſhown,
And in the Wreck of Kingdoms ſav'd his own;
But now with more than common danger preſt
Of various Reſolutions ſtands poſſeſt,
Perceives the Crowds unſtable Zeal decay,
Leaſt their Recanting Chief the Cauſe betray,
Who on a Father's Grace his hopes may ground,
And for his pardon with their heads compound:
Him therefore, e're his Fortune ſlip her time,
The *Stateſman* Plots t' engage in ſome bold Crime
Paſt pardon, whether to attempt his Bed,
Or threat with open arms the Royal Head,
Or other daring Method, and unjuſt,
That may confirm him in the Peoples truſt.
But failing thus t' enſnare him, nor ſecure
How long his foil'd Ambition may endure,
Plots next to lay him by, as paſt his date,
And try ſome new Pretenders luckier Fate;
Whoſe hopes with equal toil he wou'd perſue,
Nor cares what Claimer's Crown'd, except the true.
Wake *Abſalom*, approaching Ruin ſhun,
And ſee, O ſee, for whom thou art undone!
How are thy Honours and thy Fame betray'd,
The property of deſp'rate Villains made?
Loſt pow'r and Conſcious Fears their Crimes create,
And Guilt in them was little leſs than Fate;
But why ſhou'dſt thou, from ev'ry grievance free,
Forſake thy Vineyards for their Stormy Sea?

For

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For Thee did *Canaan*'s Milk and Honey flow,
Love dreſt Thy Bow'rs, & Lawrels ſought thy Brow,
Preferment, Wealth and Pow'r thy Vaſſals were,
And of a Monarch all things but the Care.
Oh ſhou'd our Crimes, again, that Curſe draw down,
And Rebel-Arms once more attempt the Crown,
Sure Ruin waits unhappy *Abſalon*,
Alike by Conqueſt or Defeat undone;
VVho cou'd relentleſs ſee ſuch Youth and Charms,
Expire with wretched Fate in Impious Armes?
A Prince ſo form'd with Earth's, & Heav'ns Applauſe,
To Tryumph ore Crown'd Heads in *David*'s Cauſe:
Or grant him Victor, ſtill his Hopes muſt fail,
VVho, Conquering, wou'd not for himſelf prevail;
The Faction whom He truſts for future Sway,
Him and the Publique wou'd alike Betray;
Amongſt themſelves divide the Captive State,
And found their *Hydra*-Empire in his Fate!
Thus having beat the Clouds with painful Flight,
The pitty'd Youth, with Scepters in his Sight;
(So have their Cruel Politicks Decreed,)
Muſt by that Crew that made him Guilty, Bleed!
For cou'd their Pride brook any Prince's Sway,
Whom but mild *David* wou'd they chooſe t'Obey?
VVho once at ſuch a gentle Reign Repine,
The Fall of Monarchy it ſelf Deſign;
From Hate to That their Reformations ſpring,
And *David* not their Grievance, but the King.
Seiz'd now with pannick Fear the Faction lies,
Leaſt this clear Truth ſtrike *Abſaloms* charm'd Eyes,
Leaſt He perceive, from long Enchantment free,
VVhat all, beſide the flatter'd Youth, muſt ſee.
But whate're doubts his troubled Boſome ſwell,
Fair Carriage ſtill became *Achitophel*.
Who now an envious Feſtival enſtalls,
And to ſurvey their Strength the Faction calls,

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Which Fraud, Religious Worſhip too muſt Guild;
But oh how weakly does Sedition Build?
For Lo! the Royal Mandate Iſſues forth,
Daſhing at once their Treaſon, Zeal, and Mirth!
So have I ſeen diſaſtrous Chance Invade,
Where careful Emmits had their Forrage laid,
Whether firce *Vulcan*'s Rage, the Furzy Plain
Had ſeiz'd, Engendred by ſome careleſs Swain;
Or ſwelling *Neptune* lawleſs Inroads made,
And to their Cell of Store his Flood convey'd;
The Common-Wealth broke up diſtracted go,
And in wild Haſt their loaded Mates o'rethrow:
Ev'n ſo our ſcatter'd Gueſts confus'dly meet,
With Boil'd, Bak'd, Roaſt, all Juſtling in the Street;
Dejecting all, and rufully diſmai'd,
For *Shekel* without Treat, or Treaſon paid.

Seditions dark Eclipſe now fainter ſhows,
More bright each Hour the Royal Plannet grows,
Of Force the Clouds of Envy to diſperſe,
In kind Conjunction of Aſſiſting Stars,
Here lab'ring Muſe thoſe Glorious Chiefs relate,
That turn'd the doubtful Scale of *David's* Fate;
The reſt of that Illuſtrious Band rehearſe,
Immortalliz'd in Lawrell'd *Aſaph*'s Verſe:
Hard Task! yet will not I thy Flight recall,
View Heav'n and then enjoy thy glorious Fall.

Firſt Write *Bezaliel*, whoſe Illuſtrious Name
Foreſtals our Praiſe, and gives his Poet Fame.
The *Kenites* Rocky Porvince his Command,
A barren Limb of Fertile *Canaans* Land;
Which for its gen'rous Natives yet cou'd be
Held Worthy ſuch a Preſident as He!
Bezaliel with each Grace, and Virtue Fraught,
Serene his Looks; Serene his Life and Thought,

On

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On whom ſo largly Nature heapt her Store,
There ſcarce remain'd for Arts to give him more!
To Aid the Crown and State his greateſt Zeal,
His Second Care that Service to Conceal;
Of Dues Obſrevant, Firm in ev'ry Truſt,
And to the Needy always more than Juſt.
Who Truth from ſpecious falſhood can divide,
Has all the Gown-mens Skill without their Pride;
Thus Crown'd with worth from heights of Honor.
Sees all his Glories Coppied in his Son, (won,
Whoſe forward Fame ſhould every Muſe engage:
Whoſe Youth boaſts skill denied to others Age.
Men, Manners, Language, Books of nobleſt kind,
Already are the Conqueſt of his Mind.
Whoſe Loyalty before its Date was prime;
Nor waited the dull courſe of rowling Time:
The Monſter *Faction* early he diſmaid,
And *David*'s Cauſe long ſince confeſt his Aid.
Brave *Abdael* o're the Prophet's School was placd
Abdael with all his Father's Virtue grac'd;
A *Heroe*, who, while Stars look'd wondring down,
Without one *Hebrew*'s Bloud reſtor'd the Crown.
That Praiſe was His; what therefore did remain
For following Chiefs, but boldly to maintain
That Crown reſtor'd; and in this Rank of Fame,
Brave *Abdael* with the Firſt a place muſt claim.
Proceed illuſtrious, happy, Chief, proceed,
Foreſeize the Garlands for thy Brow decreed,
While th' inſpir'd Tribe attend with nobleſt ſtrein
To Regiſter the Glories thou ſhalt gain:
For ſure, the Dew ſhall *Gilboah*'s Hills forſake,
And *Jordan* mix his Stream with *Sodom*'s Lake;
Or Seas retir'd their ſecret Stores diſcloſe,
And to the Sun their ſcaly Brood expoſe,
Or ſwell'd above the Clifts, their Billows raiſe,
Before the Muſes leave their Patron's Praiſe.

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Eliab our next Labour do's invite,
And hard the Task to do *Eliab* right:
Long with the Royal Wanderer he rov'd,
And firm in all the Turns of Fortunes prov'd!
Such ancient Service and Desert so large,
Well claim'd the Royal Houshould for his Charge,
His Age with only one mild Heiress blest,
In all the Bloom of smiling Nature drest,
And blest again to see his Flow'r ally'd
To *David*'s Stock, and made young *Othriel*'s Bride!
The bright Restorer of his Father's Youth,
Devoted to a Son's and Subject's Truth:
Resolv'd to bear that prize of Duty home,
So bravely sought (while sought) by *Absalom*.
Ah Prince! th' Illustrious Planet of thy Birth,
And thy more powerful Virtue guard thy worth;
That no *Achitophel* thy Ruine boast;
Israel too much in one such Wreck has lost.
Ev'n Envy must consent to *Helon*'s Worth,
Whose Soul (tho' *Egypt* glories in his Birth)
Cou'd for our Captive-Ark its Zeal retain,
And *Pharoah*'s Alters in their Pomp disdain:
To slight his Gods was small; with nobler pride,
He all th' Allurements of his Court defid.
Whom Profit nor Example cou'd betray,
But *Israel*'s Friend and true to *David*'s Sway.
What acts of favour in his Province fall;
On Merit he confers, and Freely all.
Our List of Nobles next let *Amri* grace,
Whose Merits claim'd the *Abethdins* high place;
Who, with a Loyalty that did excel,
Brought all th' Endowments of *Achitophel*.
Sincere was *Amri*, and not only knew,
But *Israel*'s Sanctions into practice drew;
Our Laws, that did a boundless Ocean seem,
Were coasted all, and fathom'd all by Him,

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No *Rabbin* ſpeaks like him their myſtick Senſe,
So juſt, and with ſuch Charms of Eloquence:
To whom the double Bleſſing does belong,
With *Moſes*'s Inſpiration, *Aaron*'s Tongue.
Than *Sheva*, none more Loyal Zeal have ſhown,
Wakeful, as *Judah*'s Lion for the Crown,
Who for that Cauſe ſtill combats in his Age,
For which his Youth with danger did engage.
In vain our factious Prieſts the Cant revive,
In vain ſeditious Scribes with Libel ſtrive
T' enflame the Crow'd, while He with watchful Eye
Obſerves, and ſhoots their Treaſons as They fly,
Their weekly Frauds his keen Replies detect,
He undeceives more faſt than they infect.
So *Moſes* when the Peſt on *Legions* prey'd,
Advanc'd his Signal and the Plague was ſtay'd.
Once more my fainting Muſe thy Pinnions try,
And Strengths exhauſted ſtore let *Love* ſupply.
What Tribute *Aſaph* ſhall we render Thee?
We'll crown the with a Wreath from thy own Tree!
Thy Lawrel Grove no Envye's flaſh can blaſt;
The Song of *Aſaph* ſhall for ever laſt!
With wonder late *Poſterity* ſhall dwell
On *Abſalom* and falſe *Achitophel*:
Thy ſtreins ſhall be our ſlumbring Prophets dream,
And when our *Sion*-Virgins ſing, their Theam.
Our *Jubilees* ſhall with thy Verſe be grac't,
The Song of *Aſaph* ſhall for ever laſt!
How fierce his Satyr looſ'd, reſtrain'd, how tame
How tender of th' offending *Young man*'s Fame!
How well his worth, and brave Adventures ſtil'd,
Juſt to his Vertues, to his Error mild.
No Page of thine that fears the ſtricteſt view,
But teems with juſt Reproof, or Praiſe, as due;
Not *Eden* cou'd a fairer Proſpect yield,
All *Paradiſe* without one barren Field:

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Whose VVit the Censure of his Foes has past,
The Song of *Asaph* shall for ever last!
VVhat Praise for such rich Strains shall we allow?
VVhat just Rewards the grateful Crown bestow?
VVhile Bees in Flowrs rejoyce, and Flowrs in Dew,
VVhile Stars and Fountains to their Course are true;
VVhile *Judah's* Throne, and *Sion's* Rock stand fast,
The Song of *Asaph* and the Fame shall last.

Still *Hebrons* honour'd happy Soil Retains
Our Royal Heroes beauteous dear remains;
VVho now sails off with VVinds not Wishes slack,
To bring his Suff'rings bright Companion back;
But e're such Transport can our sense employ
A bitter grief must poyson half our Joy;
Nor can our Coasts restor'd those Blessings see
Without a Bribe to envious Destiny!
Curs'd *Sodom's* Doom for ever fix the Tyde
Where by inglorious Chance the Valiant dy'd.
Give not insulting *Askalon* to know,
Nor let *Gath's* Daughters triumph in our VVoe!
No Sailer with the News swell *Egypt's* Pride.
By what inglorious Fate our Valiant dy'd!
Weep *Arnon*! *Jordan* weep thy Fountains dry
While *Sion's* Rock dissolves for a Supply!
Calm were the Elements Night's silence deep,
The Waves scarce murm'ring, and the Winds asleep;
Yet Fate for Ruine takes so still an hour
And treacherous Sands the Princely Barque devour;
Then Death unworthy seiz'd a gen'rous Race,
To Virtues scandal, and the Stars disgrace!
Oh! had th' Indulgent Powr's vouchsaf't to yield,
Instead of faithless Shelves, a listed Field;
A listed Field of heav'ns and *David's* Foes,
Fierce as the Troops that did his Youth oppose;

Each

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Each Life had on his ſlaughter'd heap retir'd;
Not Tamely, and Unconqu'ring thus expir'd!
But Deſtiny is now their only Foe;
And dying ev'n o're that they tryumph too:
With loud laſt Breaths their Maſter's Scape applaud,
Of whom kind Force cou'd ſcarce the *Fates* defraud;
Who for ſuch Followers loſt, O matchleſs Mind!
At his own Safety now almoſt repin'd!
Say Royal Sir, by all your Fame in Arms,
Your Praiſe in Peace, and by *Urania*'s Charms;
If all your Suff'rings paſt ſo nerely preſt,
Or pierc't with half ſo painful Grief your Breaſt?
Thus ſome Diviner Muſe her *Heroe* forms,
Not ſooth'd with ſoft Delights, but toſt in ſtorms;
Not ſtretcht on Roſes in the Myrtle Grove, (Love,
Nor Crowns his Days with Mirth, his Nights with
But far remov'd in Thundring Camps is found,
His Slumbers ſhort, his Bed the herbleſs Ground:
In Tasks of Danger always ſeen the Firſt,
Feeds from the Hedg, and ſlakes with Ice his Thirſt.
Long muſt his Patience ſtrive with Fortunes Rage,
And long oppoſing Gods themſelves engage,
Muſt ſee his Country Flame, his Friends deſtroy'd,
Before the promis'd Empire be enjoy'd,
Such Toil of Fate muſt build a Man of Fame,
And ſuch, to *Iſrael*'s Crown, the God-like *David* came,

What ſuddain Beams diſpel the Clouds ſo faſt!
Whoſe drenching Rains laid all our Vineyards waſte?
The *Spring* ſo far behind her Courſe delay'd,
On th' Inſtant is in all her Bloom array'd;
The Winds breath low, the Element ſerene;
Yet Mark what Motion in the Waves is ſeen!
Thronging and buſie as *Hyblæan* Swarms,
Or ſtragled Souldiers Summon'd to their Arms.

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See where the Princely Barque in looſeſt Pride,
With all her Guardian Fleet, Adorns the Tide!
High on her Deck the Royal Lovers ſtand,
Our Crimes to Pardon e're they toucht our Land.
VVelcome to *Iſrail* and to *David*'s Breaſt!
Here all your Toils, here all your Suffrings Reſt.

This year did *Ziloah* Rule *Jeruſalem*,
And boldly all Sedition's *Syrges* ſtem,
How e're incumbered with a viler Pair
Than *Ziph* or *Shimei* to aſſiſt the Chair;
Yet *Ziloah*'s Loyal Labours ſo prevail'd
That *Faction* at the next Election fail'd,
VVhen ev'n the common Cry did Juſtice Sound.
And Merrit by the Multitude was Crown'd:
With *David* then was *Iſrael*'s Peace reſtor'd,
Crowds Mourn'd their Errour and Obey'd their Lord.

FINIS.

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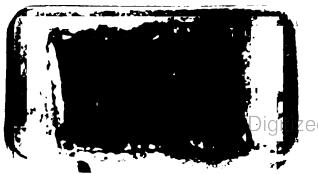
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